

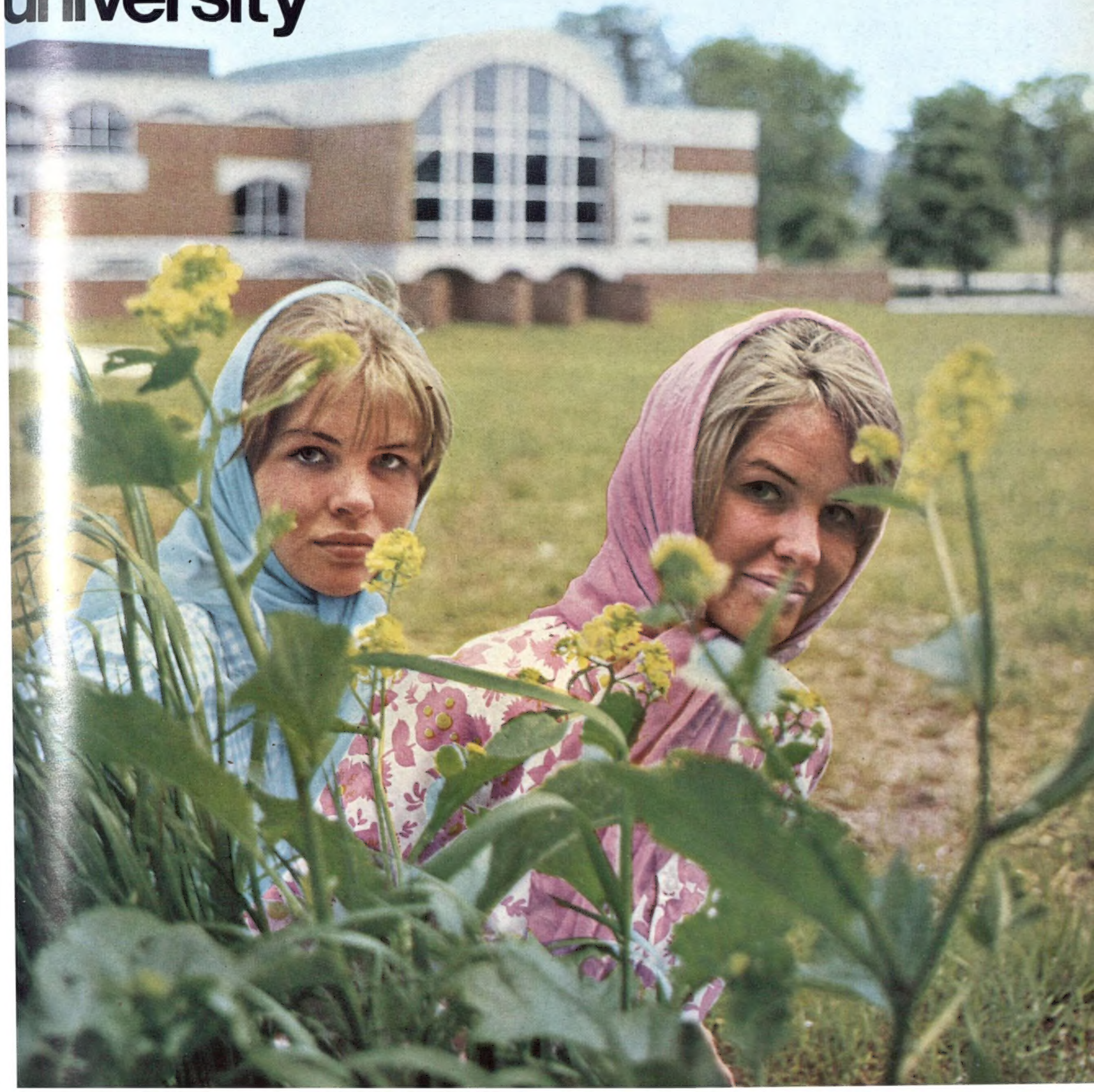
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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3281

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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The girls on the cover are Helen, left, and Catherine, the twin daughters of Labour MP Mr. Douglas Jay & Mrs. Jay. They are students in the School of Social Studies at the new University of Sussex designed by Sir Basil Spence. Writer Derek Patmore sets the scene, page 123 onwards, with pictures by Lewis Morley who also took the cover shot.

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: in a glass coolly, by Pamela Vandyke Price; Ronald Blythe visits Bury St. Edmunds; Unity Barnes picks last-minute holiday buys



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Oxfam Summer Ball, Bray, 17 July—all tickets for this have now been sold.

City of London Festival, to 18 July. (Details, HYD 6050.)

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 25 July.

Kent County Show, Detling, nr. Maidstone, 15, 16 July. (Adm: 10s. first day, 7s. 6d. second.)

M.C.C. Centenary Dinner, Grosvenor House, 20 July. (Details, Mr. A. W. Flower, LOR 1300.)

International Horse Show, White City, 20-25 July.

Peterborough Show, 21-23 July.

Hurlingham Polo Ball, 22 July. (Details, BEL 3449/4350.)

Night of 100 Stars, London Palladium, 23 July, in aid of the Actors Charitable Trust. (Seat, £2 2s. to £21.)

Festival of Flowers, Buxton, Derbyshire, 22, 23 July.

Scottish Game Fair, Blair Drummond, Perthshire, 24, 25 July. (Details, REG 7412.)

Piano Recital by Louis Kentner, Cliveden, Bucks, 7.30 p.m. 24 July, in aid of refugees. (Tickets, £5 5s., inc. champagne supper, EUS 4167.)

Surrey Union Hunt Summer Ball, Stumblehole, Leigh, 24 July. (Details, Miss J. Biggs, Stumblehole, Leigh, Reigate.)

"Il Seraglio," by the Opera da

Camera, in the garden of 52 Campden Hill Sq., W.8, 9 p.m. 28 July, in aid of the International Social Service. (Tickets, £6 6s. and £8 8s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from the Secretary, 52 Campden Hill Sq., and TAT 8737.)

Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, Frank Hooker School, 31 July, in aid of Oxfam. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from Mrs. John Baker White: Canterbury 64767.)

Goodwood Week: 28-31 July. (Stewards' Cup, 28; Goodwood Stakes, Chesterfield Cup, Sussex Stakes, 29; Goodwood Cup, 30 July.)

R.A.F. Cranwell Graduation Ball, 28 July. (Details, F/Cadet J. S. Fountain, Cranwell 241/242.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Carlisle, today; Kempton Park, Doncaster, Yarmouth, today & 16; Ascot Heath, Hamilton Park, 17, 18; Wolverhampton, York, 18; Windsor, Folkestone, 20; Leicester, Ayr, 20, 21; Alexandra Park, 21; Sandown Park, Bath, Catterick Bridge, Lanark, 22, 23 July.

GOLF

English Amateur Championship, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts, to 18 July.

Scottish Amateur Championship, Nairn, 20-25 July.

POLO

Cowdray Park Gold Cup final; Midhurst Town Cup final, 19 July. **Goodwood Week**, 27-31 July, play daily; matches start 4.30 p.m., Tuesday-Friday.

SAILING

International Dragons, Edinburgh Cup, Cultra, Co. Down, 20-25 July.

Sharpie Week, Brancaster, Norfolk, today-19 July.

R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race, 17 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Drury Lane. End of season. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, tonight; *Scènes de Ballet*, *Mam'zelle Angot*, *Images of Love*, 16 July; *Coppelia*, 17 July; *Sleeping Beauty*, 18 July. 7.30 p.m. (also *Sleeping Beauty* 2.15 p.m., 18 July.) (TEM 8108.)

Country House Concerts. **Dyrham Park**, near Bath, Cembalo Quartet, 8 p.m., 18 July; **The Vyne**, nr. Basingstoke, Cembalo Quartet, 7.30 p.m., 19 July. (PRI 7142.)

Victoria & Albert Museum. Philomusica, cond. Pini, 7.30 p.m. 19 July. (PRI 7142.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert. R.P.O., cond. Del Mar, 8 p.m. 18 July. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

Lunchtime Concert, Wigmore Hall. Michael Freyhan (piano) 1.5 p.m. 23 July. (Adm.: 2s. students 6d.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House to 15 August.

John Healey, luminous pictures, Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 6 August.

Basil Rakoczi, "Fiestas & fantasies," Molton Gallery, 5 Molton St., W.1, to 31 July.

Ursula McCannell, new paintings, Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 25 July.

Pierre Roussel, recent paintings, Tooths Gallery, Bruton St., to 18 July.

Old Master Drawings, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., to 30 July.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham House, Suffolk, to 26 July.

City of Cambridge Festival, to 27 July.

Haslemere Festival of Early Music & Instruments, 17-25 July.

King's Lynn Festival, 18-25 July.

Battle Arts Festival, Langton House, Battle, Sussex, 19 July-1 August.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park. *Taming of the Shrew*, to 15 August.

Polesden Lacey, nr. Dorking. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 16-18 July. (BOOKHAM 241.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Whitehall. *Chase Me, Comrade*, tonight.

Aldwych. *Don Gil in the Green Stockings*, 20 July.

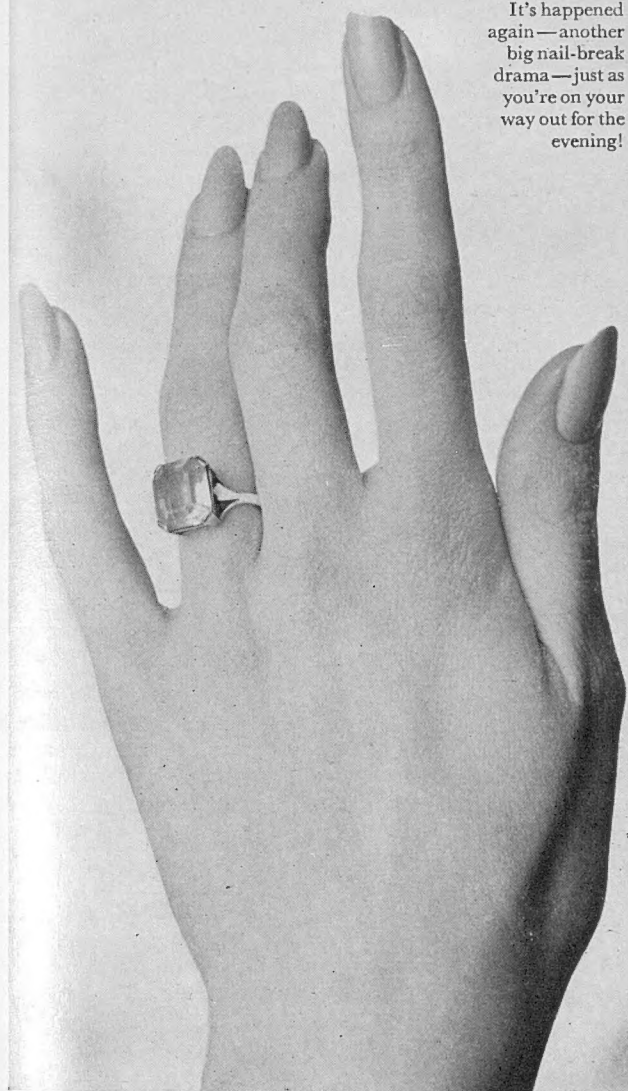
Mermaid. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, 24 July.

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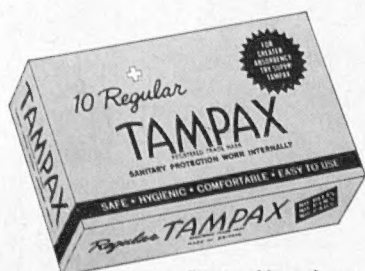
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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.
Pinocchio, 30 Frith Street, Shaftesbury Avenue end. (GER 4045.) There are a number of tests that a critic can apply to a restaurant. One I use is to look for any display of cold viands, sweets and fruits, and note its quality. Here it caught my eye immediately, and there was no doubt about the quality. I noted next how contrasting green, copper and orange were blended skilfully and attractively in the decor, and the ingenious use of archways under the pavement. The cooking is Italian and good, but what interested me most was the three quite separate personalities the restaurant assumes. It is quiet at lunchtime, a good place for a business talk or the furtherance of an affair of the heart. It is useful for a pre-theatre meal, but later it really warms up with gay parties and dancing on a small floor, with a licence to 3 a.m. (2 a.m. on Sundays). There is a four-course luncheon for 12s. 6d. and dinner, including dancing, for 21s., and both are good value for money. There is also à la carte. Where can we go before the theatre? Where can we dine late? This restaurant has the answer to both questions.

Grumbles, Churton Street, Pimlico. Open luncheon and dinner. Let me make it plain that this small restaurant is very simple indeed, with bare wood walls and scrubbed tables in the bistro fashion. But my tomato soup was well made, the ample portion of roast chicken properly cooked and tender, the beans fresh and not out of a tin. The coffee passed muster and the orange drink was made from fresh oranges, not out of a bottle. My bill totalled 12s. 6d. and service was with a smile. It should suit young people who like informal clothes and want value for money without lush surroundings. It is not licensed but they will send out, or you can take your own bottle.

Wine notes

Over the years the association of the Port of Bristol with the wine trade has been long and intimate. Just how long we are reminded by J. R. Phillips the wine shippers, celebrating this

year 225 years of trading in the city. Well known for their Bristol Cream, other sherries, ports and English cordials, Phillips' are now also agents in this country for Courvoisier, Chartreuse, and Perrier-Jouet.

New on the market, and in an attractive bottle, is Charles Heidsieck's Royal Champagne. It is of the 1955 vintage, Tête de Cuvée, blended from the finest wines. Attached to each bottle is an invitation to visit the Heidsieck vineyards at Rheims. All in all, it is a wine for a special occasion. It costs 48s. a bottle: I enjoyed it greatly, as did my wife, for whose judgment of champagnes I have great respect.

Unusual delicacy

At a recent luncheon at the Café Royal—the occasion was the presentation of the David Black Trophy awarded annually by *Pig Farming*—an unusual delicacy was served. It was smoked boar, cured by Mr. Harry West, a butcher at Tottenham. Smoked boar meat is lean, highly flavoured, and, unlike most gourmets' delights less costly to produce than traditional pork.

The full menu was:

Boar Paté; Iced Melon; Roast boar meat (smoked), stewed prunes, broccoli in butter and new potatoes (wine: Vosne Romanée). Gooseberry Fool and double cream (wine: Pouilly Blanc Fumé). English cheese-board; coffee.

. . . and a reminder

White Bear Inn snack bar, Piccadilly Circus.

Worth remembering for a cold meal if you are pursued by the clock.

Hostaria Romana,

70 Dean Street, Soho. (REG 2869).

In the opinion of satisfied customers, some of the best Italian cooking in these parts.

Jules Bar,

35 Jermyn, S.W.1. (WHI 4700.)

Perhaps the best sausages and mashed potatoes in London, plus a good cold table in pleasant surroundings, for reasonable prices.

Caxton Grill,

St. Ermins, Westminster.

(ABB 7888.) A smallish restaurant of quality. A good place for a business meal.

Knightsbridge 8444,
Opposite Harrods.

Street-level room now refurbished and open for all shapes of meals.

Jabberwocky, 145, Ebury Street, S.W.1. (SLO 7847.) Simple and small, but cooking of high quality with good wines.

Rigoletto, 26, Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 5302.) New, pleasantly got up with good cooking and reasonable prices.

Hunting Lodge, 16, Lower Regent Street. (WHI 4222.) Opulent dining in opulent surroundings.

Vine Grill, 3, Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG 5789.) Small and popular, specialising in high quality steak and chops.

Whistling Oyster, 32, Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (HOL 6383.) Captain Cunningham serves fish and meat of high quality in one of the most elegant restaurant settings in London.

Tung Hsing, 22 North End Road—opposite Golders Green Station. (SPE 5990.) For those who like high quality Chinese cooking of the Peking, Szechuan and Yanchow schools.

Tun of Port, 31b Holland Street. (WES 9277.) Decor from Tom Jones. Food both English and French and good at that.

Colony, Berkeley Square.

(MAY 1657.) Recently redecorated. Worth remembering for luncheon as well as dancing at night.

Angus Steak House, Hyde Park Square. (PAD 5167.) The latest in their chain and up to the high standard they have set themselves.

Stone's Chop House, Panton Street, Haymarket. The Upper Room. Worth a visit if you have come to like the downstairs establishment, and good value for money.

L'Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek Street, Soho. (GER 4460.) A change of ownership has not destroyed its atmosphere.

Café Royal Grill Room, 68 Regent Street. (WHI 2373.) Eating and drinking amid Edwardian elegance.

Barque & Bite, entrance from Prince Albert Road, near the gate to the Broad Walk, Regent's Park. Open luncheon, and dinner to midnight. Closed midday Saturday, open Sundays. (GUL 8137.) A one-time canal barge has become a pleasant restaurant with good French cooking. W.B.



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GOING PLACES

Nobody quite believes, until they see it, that generations of photographers have not conspired to play tricks with Pisa's leaning tower. Like all great landmarks, it retains the slightly unreal air of something long remembered from the classroom. In bricks and mortar the tower, the Duomo and the Baptistery are even further dramatized by their setting, isolated in a wide expanse of brilliant green lawns which stretch to the city gates: Pisa is one of the few great cathedrals whose proportions can be appreciated from the right distance. Just behind it, a massive wooden door with a lock and key whose size would befit the very Gates of Paradise, leads into the Campo Santo—the "sacred fields" of one of the most poetic cemeteries in the world.

Comparatively neglected,

even by today's tourists, Pisa's importance has slowly ebbed since the 11th century when it was a Maritime State and a commercial port to rival Genoa and Venice; when its militia waged war against the Saracens, and its knights took part in the First Crusade. It flared again into prominence before the advancing Allied troops and the retreating Germans in 1943, when half the city (but few of its great monuments) was destroyed.

Walk through the old city in the evening, when the noble Piazza dei Cavalieri is empty, but the light is strong enough to see the coats-of-arms on its three great palazzos: the Cavalieri, the Santa Stefano and the Orologio. More palazzos line the north bank of the slow, sage-green Arno, spanned by glittering white stone bridges, in a duochrome of ochre and



ABROAD

and unlikely-looking lines of washing hang from the upper windows.

Alas, high-pitched motor scooters also buzz angrily through even the narrowest streets, to shatter any illusion that we have stepped back into another century. One can only be thankful that the Italians stop everything at half-past twelve, retiring for lunch and the rest of the afternoon. Sitting in the sudden quiet of the piazza, in front of the Church of San Michèle, all is forgotten save for the delicately chiselled galleries and columns, surmounted by a winged St. Michael who soars into the heavens with no more noise than the creaky flapping of the pigeons who roost among his attendant angels.

In a corner of this piazza, the restaurant Buca di San Antonio maintains the best traditions of Tuscan food. Three young men in sweaters perform acrobatic miracles to serve their crowd of customers with all the local delights: cold veal in a tunny fish mayonnaise; wild boar, roast kid, and an interesting *pasta con lepre*, done with a sauce made from jugged hare.

Taken as a whole, Pistoia is less perfect, less poetic than Lucca; no doubt it, too, pays far more time than is usually devoted to it, but its highlight is the piazza facing the Ospedale del Ceppo, so named after the box in which offerings for the poor were collected. The portico on the façade was decorated by Giovanni della Robbia, and it depicts the Seven Works of Mercy:—clothing the naked; consoling the afflicted; welcoming strangers; caring for the sick; visiting prisoners; burying the dead; feeding the hungry, and giving water to the thirsty. An angel who decorates one of the blue and white medallions has been cracked. Legend has it that Della Robbia let it be known that the formula for his imperishable colouring was contained inside it. Whoever opened it up after his death went unrewarded by any such secret, and the ceramics have been left alone ever since, to be enjoyed rather than analysed.

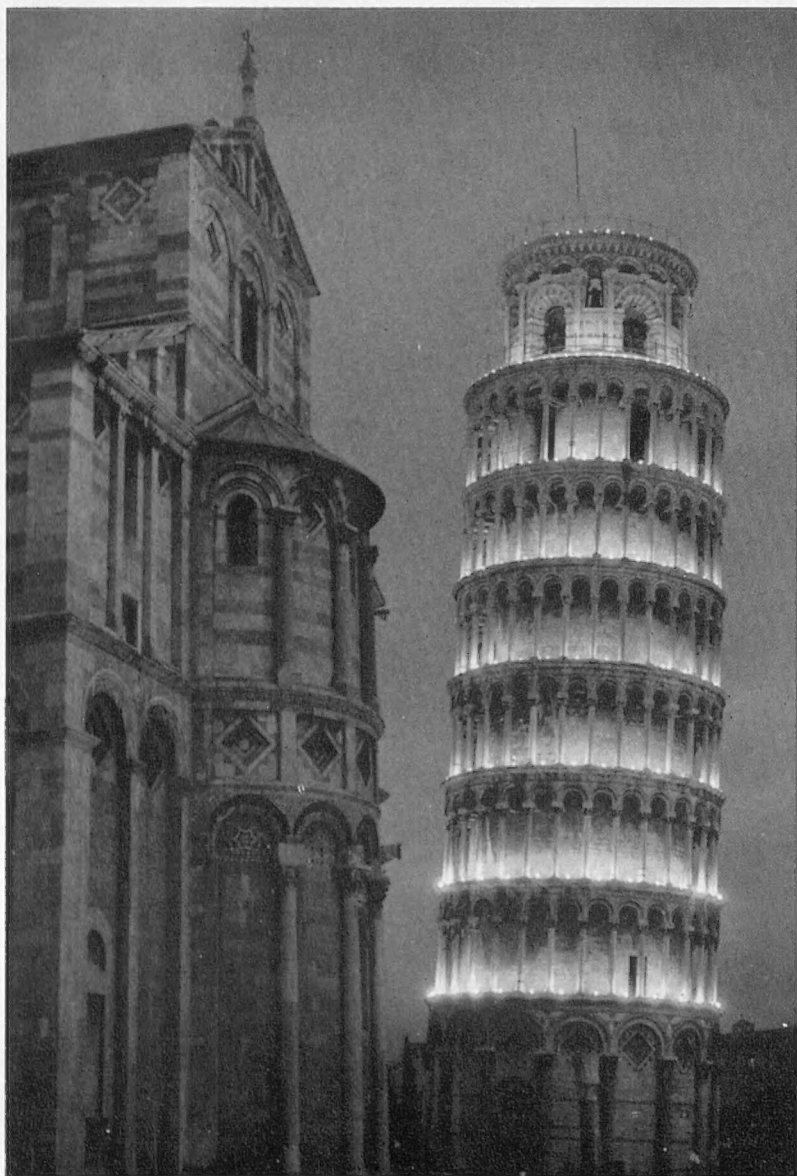
Time actually spent on the road from Pisa to Florence is under two hours; and of Florence itself I shall write next week.

terra cotta. Next door to the palazzo in which Byron lived while he wrote *Don Juan* is the Museo Nazionale, housed in the cloistered 15th-century monastery of S. Matteo. It is a small but particularly charming museum, containing some Primitives, some unique wood carvings and an exquisite Madonna by Andrea Pisano, which has been moved there from the tiny, flowerlike church of Santa Maria della Spina, across the river.

En route for the bigger guns of Florence, many visitors are mistakenly brief with Pisa. Few cities in Tuscany have lovelier buildings or an air of such placid grace. There are no bright lights or starry restaurants, but the Grand Hotel Duomo is pleasant, and has a good menu for its kind.

Geographically, Lucca and Pistoia are bracketed with Pisa, and Lucca especially bears many traces of Pisan influence. It was one of several duchies under the rule of Marie-Louise of Bourbon-Parma, and it retains the air of a little capital. A tree-planted road runs along the top of its 16th-century ramparts, from which there are charming views over its piazzas and gardens and churches, plus an opportunity to get your bearings: there are not many cities of my acquaintance in which it is easier to get lost. Not that it matters, for this is essentially a place in which to wander at leisure.

Heading for something quite different, I found the enchanting vista of the flower market gay with umbrellas over the stalls, backed by the mosaic façade of a church. Narrow, cobbled streets thread between old palazzos; iron grilles, set high in immense wooden doors, are relics of the days when vendettas went on between families as well as cities. The Piazza dei Servi commemorates the days of the Roman slave market, and the present market place is housed in a Roman amphitheatre, whose colonnades protrude into the surrounding streets. Houses have been built into the walls,



Floodlighting on Pisa's leaning tower



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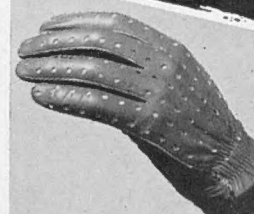
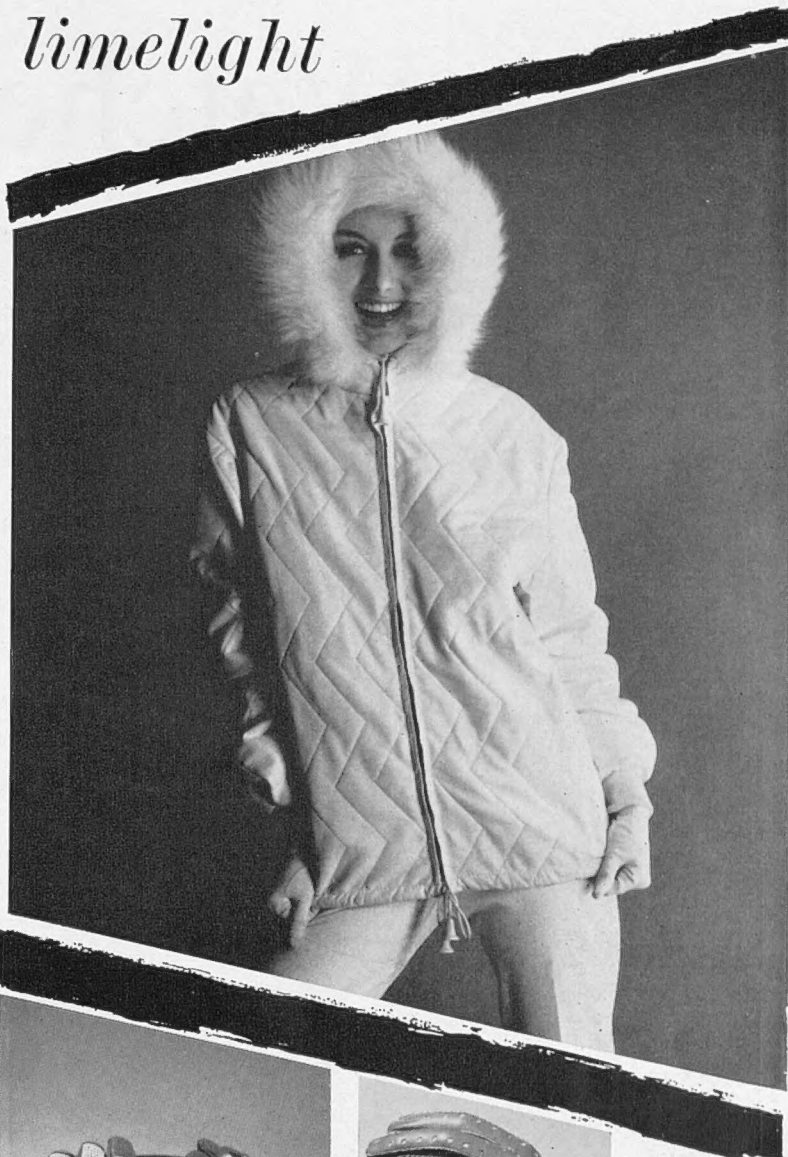
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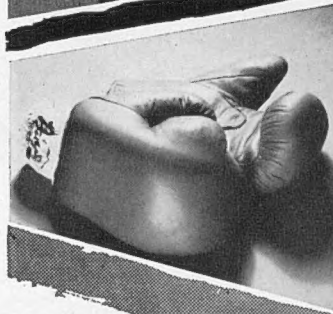
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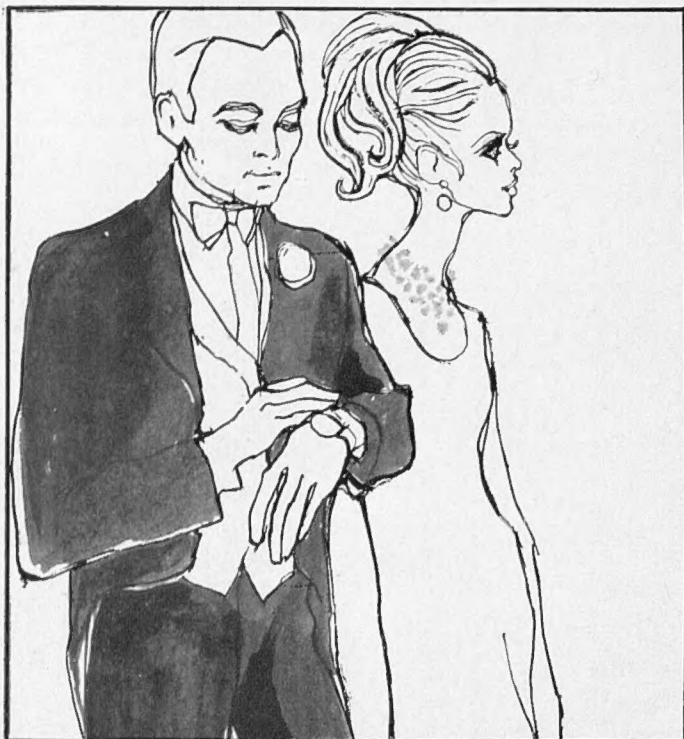
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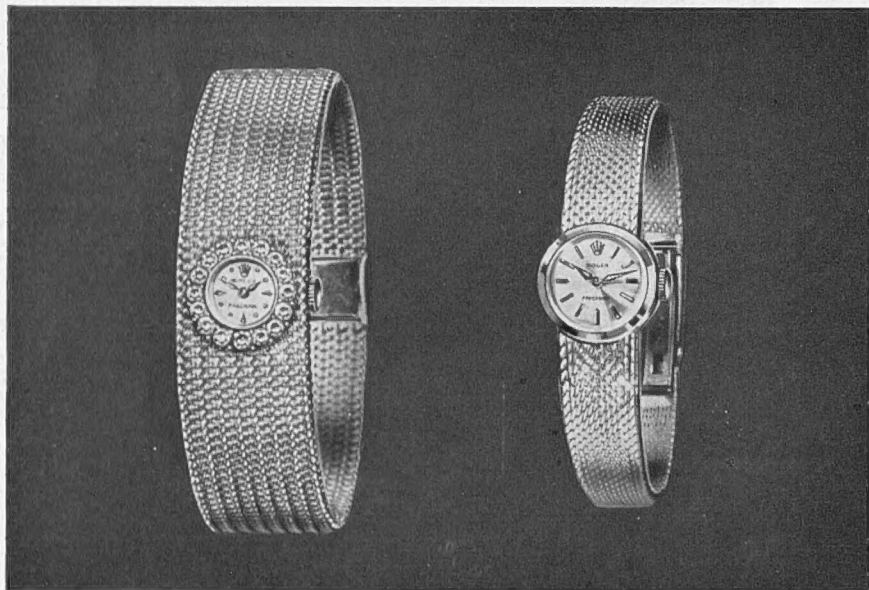
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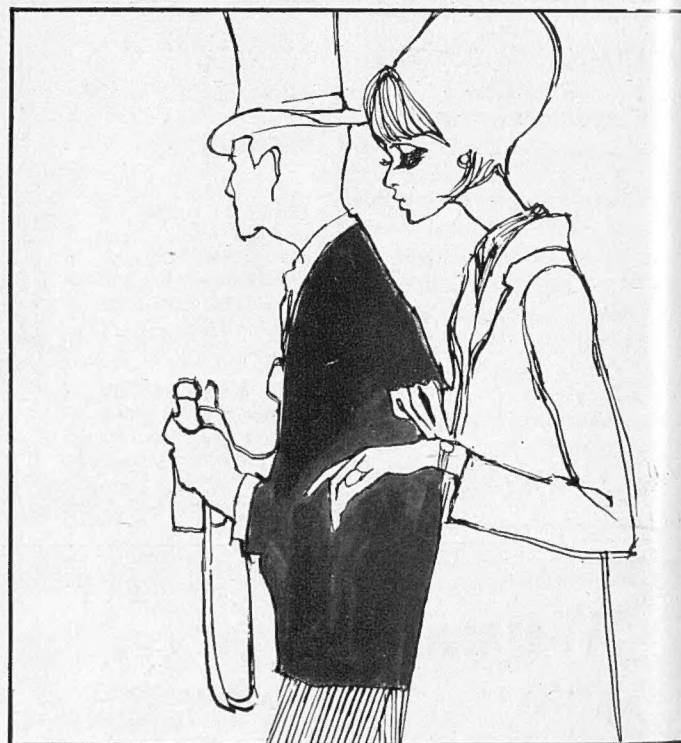
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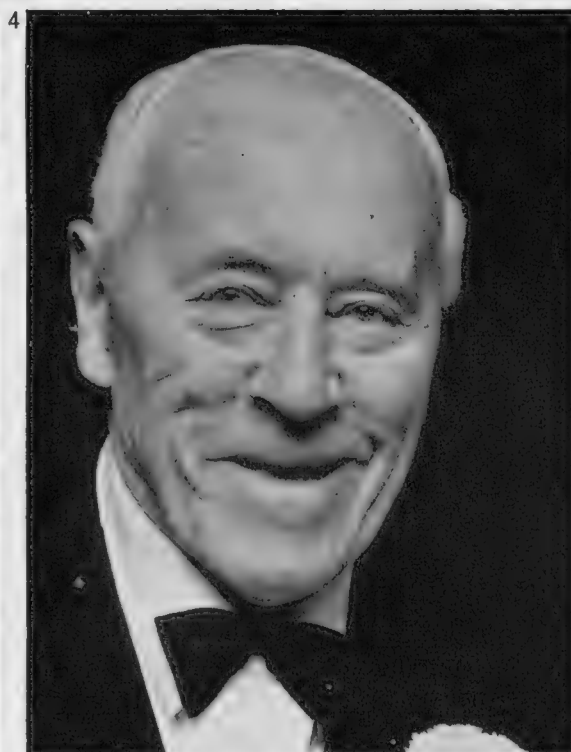
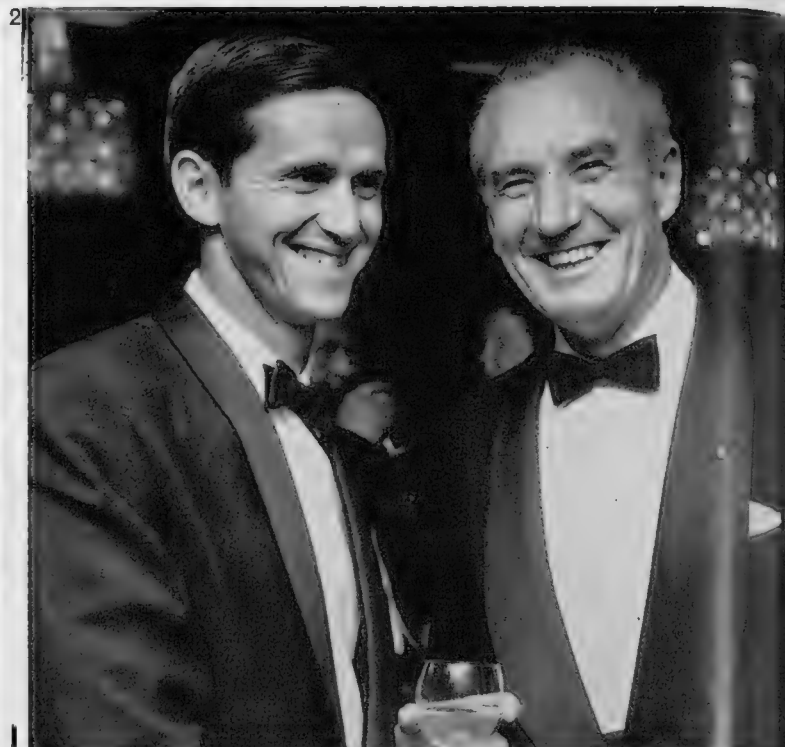
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RETURN OF THE CHAMPION

Miss Maria Bueno holds the trophy high after the presentation by Princess Marina that followed the Brazilian player's victory over the Australian holder Miss Margaret Smith 6-4, 7-9, 6-3 in the final of the women's singles championships at Wimbledon. Miss Bueno has won the championships three times—illness kept her away from Wimbledon last year—she sketched a victory jig on the Centre Court after the match and later that evening led off the dancing at the Lawn Tennis Association Ball (see pictures overleaf) with the men's singles winner, Australian Roy Emerson



THE VICTORS AND THE VANQUISHED

The Lawn Tennis Association Ball held at Grosvenor House to mark the end of the Wimbledon championships was attended by more than a thousand members, guests and competitors. Old champions and the new heroes of the Centre Court rubbed shoulders in the packed Great Room.

1 Mr. J. Eaton Griffith, President of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, Lady Miers, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir Anthony Miers, V.C., and Mr. Jim Dickey, President of the U.S.A. Lawn Tennis Association

2 Mr. Fred Perry (*right*), former winner of the Men's Singles, congratulates Australian Mr. Roy Emerson, this year's champion

3 Mr. Basil Reay, Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association, and Mrs. Ben Barnett, wife of the Australian Test wicket-keeper who is now one of the Australian Tennis representatives

4 Australian Sir Norman Brookes, 1907 winner of the Men's Singles, Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles

5 Miss Anna Dmitrieva, Singles Champion of the U.S.S.R. She and Mr. Sergei Likhachev scratched from the Wimbledon Mixed Doubles

6 Australians Miss Margaret Smith, who reached the final of the Women's Singles, with Mr. Fred Stolle, who lost in the final to Mr. Roy Emerson. Miss Smith was in the winning Women's Doubles pair, and Mr. Stolle won in the Men's Doubles and in the Mixed Doubles

7 Mr. Bobby Wilson of Great Britain, who won the Men's Plate, and Miss Elizabeth Evans

A COMEDY OF MANNERS

BY BARBARA VEREKER

The Georgian ball at the Mansion House was the most spectacular social event of the week. PRINCESS MARGARET and the EARL OF SNOWDON wore 18th-century costumes designed by Lord Snowdon's uncle, Mr. Oliver Messel and practically all the 500 guests had hired, borrowed or made Georgian costumes. (See pictures on page 114.) THE HON. LADY LOWSON's had been specially designed for the occasion by John Cavanagh. THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, who was there with the Duchess had solved the problem of what to wear more easily: he had found some 18th-century clothes in a cupboard at Woburn. "I have worked out that they must have belonged to the fourth Duke," he said. His fur-trimmed jacket looked as good as new which suggests that whatever else they may have at Woburn they do not have moth. Guests were received by the chairman of the ball LADY PARKER OF WADDINGTON and her husband the Lord Chief Justice who went as Marshal Bernadotte but, tiring of explanations, ended the evening as "just any Georgian figure". The

majority of the guests were "just any Georgian figure" but one or two others had gone as particular characters.

ANGRY LORD NELSON

The ball was in aid of the rebuilding of St. John's Church, Westminster, and the architect, Mr. MARSHALL SISSON R.A., was dressed as the original architect Thomas Archer. Mr. PETER CHANCE, chairman of Christie's had copied his costume from a cartoon of John Christie who founded the firm in 1766. One of his colleagues at Christie's, Mr. JOHN HERBERT, cut a splendid figure as Lord Nelson and though Nelson's connection with the firm was not immediately apparent Mr. Herbert explained that there was one. It seems that in 1801 Sir William Hamilton sent a Romney portrait of his Emma to be sold at Christie's. Nelson, who was at sea at the time, heard about this and wrote a furious letter to the firm protesting against the sale. In the end he bought it himself. The present Lord Mayor, ALDERMAN C. J. HARMAN, who received Princess Margaret with Lord and Lady Parker was dressed as an 18th-century Lord Mayor. Many people thought that the prettiest dress was worn by Mrs. STANLEY CAYZER and everyone agreed that barrister Mr. PATRICK STIRLING looked the coolest and most comfortably-dressed guest. He was wearing a Georgian nightdress and nightcap and carrying a candle in a

holder. The candle was unlit when he arrived but T.V. star KATIE BOYLE insisted on lighting it and in the small hours of the morning Mr. Stirling left the Mansion House with the flame still burning. The guests ranged in age from Miss NAOMI JACOB, who was celebrating her 80th birthday, to the 30 debs and their escorts brought by Mrs. RENNIE-O'MAHONY. One of these, COUNTESS ALEXANDRA VON FINCKENSTEIN, who was escorted by Mr. RONBI FIRTH from South Africa, was talking of her intention to become a professional photographer.

PLUME OF BLACK OSTRICH

The women looked magnificent but on the whole the men seemed more at ease in their costumes, possibly because some of them were wearing clothes to which they are accustomed anyway. LORD SHAWCROSS, for example, is used to wearing a wig and though he complained that his splendid velvet jacket was uncomfortably hot he admitted that "from the waist down I am just a Privy Counsellor". The white breeches and stockings and black buckled shoes are still court dress for members of the Privy Council. LADY SHAWCROSS was wearing a spectacular black dress with a head-dress of black ostrich feathers. "I feel like a funeral pony. I copied the dress out of a book and I think I must

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



BEATEN ON HOME GROUND

3

The home side was beaten $3\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 2, when the finals of the Bamberg Cup were played at Ham Polo Club. Mr. Harold Bamberg, captain of the victorious Eaglesfield team, received the trophy from his wife. It was the first time his team had won it.

1 Squadron Leader & Mrs. A. L. Roberts. He plays at No. 3 for Ham

2 Mr. Ted Marriage Jnr., the Eaglesfield No. 2. His father is also a polo player

3 Argentinian Mr. Donald Buchanan was at No. 2 for Ham

4 Colonel Maharaja Prem Singh, was the Eaglesfield No. 3

5 Mrs. Harold Bamberg presents the trophy to her husband who captained the Eaglesfield team

6 Mrs. David Healy, polo-playing daughter of Mr. Billy Walsh, watches the game with her son

7 Mr. Billy Walsh, the Ham Polo manager



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

be in court mourning." Lady Shawcross did not look in the least like a funeral pony and as Lord Shawcross remarked she had no air of having suffered a bereavement. Lord and Lady Shawcross were in a party with Mr. & Mrs. MARK PENBURY, Mrs. LOUISE PHILIP and Mr. ERNEST THORNTON-SMITH. Others present included Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY WISE, who came with a large party, Mr. GEORGE LLOYD ROBERTSON, Mrs. BROUGHTON-ADDERLEY, SIR BERNARD & the Hon. LADY WALEY-COHEN, Mrs. EDWARD RAYNE, the DUCHESS OF LEEDS, Miss MARY CHARTERIS, the Hon. ADAM BLIGH, and Mrs. PETER FOSTER.

WALTZ OF THE CHAMPIONS

Singles champions Mr. ROY EMERSON of Australia and Miss MARIA BUENO of Brazil led the dancing with the traditional solo waltz at the Lawn Tennis Association annual ball (known, inevitably, as the tennis ball) which marks the end of the year's Wimbledon championships. The guests included many people notable in the world of tennis along with the people described by the President Mr. J. EATON GRIFFITH as "those great tacticians and strategists the spectators." Miss MARGARET SMITH, Australia's defeated champion, was dancing with one of the all-time greats of tennis Mr. FRED PERRY. He now divides his time equally between America and Britain but does not play tennis in either country. "I would rather people remembered me as I was than saw me as I am." Tennis has become a much faster game and many people think that Perry was the man who speeded it up. He seemed doubtful about that. "If I was faster than anyone else it was probably just because I had much bigger feet."

IN THE ROYAL BOX

Mr. H. F. HERMON DAVID, who for the past six years has been Chairman of the All England Club and Chairman of the Wimbledon Championships, was explaining the principle on which guests are invited to sit in the Royal box. "We ask those who have got to the top of their professions in all walks of life—politics, the law, medicine, literature and so on." This year, for example, in addition to the statesmen and ambassadors there were many others, such as Miss Agatha Christie, whose work is better known to the public than their faces.

Those present at the ball included REAR-ADMIRAL SIR ANTHONY MIERS, V.C. & LADY MIERS, SIR ROBERT & LADY FRASER, SIR NORMAN & DAME MABEL BROOKES, Mr. F. DE SILVA COSTA, President of the Brazilian Lawn Tennis Association, JUDGE CARL AARVOLD & Mrs. AARVOLD, Mr. G. W. BELL, Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association and Mrs. BELL, and Mr. J. B. DICKEY, President of the U.S.A. Lawn Tennis Association.



THE GEORGIAN FRIENDS



By permission of the Lord and Lady Mayoress, the Mansion House was used to provide a perfect setting for the Georgian Ball. Guests were asked to wear costumes dated between 1714 and 1830 and small eye-masks. The Ball, which was in aid of the Friends of St. John's, Smith Square, Westminster, was attended by Princess Margaret (*above*) and the Earl of Snowdon. Their costumes were designed by Mr. Oliver Messel, Lord Snowdon's uncle.

1 Mrs. John Watts, Mr. Marshall Sisson, R.A., who is in charge of the restoration of St. John's and attended dressed as Thomas Archer, the original architect, and Mrs. Basil Henning

2 The Hon. Lady Lowson, Joint Deputy Chairman of the Ball, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker of Waddington, and Lady Parker of Waddington, Chairman of the Ball

3 Mrs. Stanley Cayzer and Mr. Charles Orme

4 Commissioner & Mrs. Henry L. Kimelman from the Virgin Islands and the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, who found their costumes in a cupboard at Woburn Abbey. Barbara Vereker writes on p. 111.



2



4





TWO DAYS AT SEAVIEW

On the Saturday Seaview Y.C. raced a team against Oxford Y.C. and won a close victory by $41\frac{1}{4}$ points to $37\frac{1}{4}$. Next day the Isle of Wight team scored a second triumph, racing against Cambridge University to win by $43\frac{1}{2}$ points to 35

1 Cynthia, left, from Seaview Club, creeps up on an Oxford boat whose crew moments later found themselves with a collapsed spinnaker

2 Lieut-Col. A. C. Whitcombe, Commodore of Seaview Y.C. watches the racing from the Club

3 Mr. Anthony Butler, who is reading Mathematics at Cambridge, Mr. Alan Day, a Seaview man helping in the Cambridge boat, and Mr. Timothy Watts who is reading Engineering at the University

4 Miss Victoria Asprey repairs a jibsail watched by Mr. Paul Sanderson

5 Mr. Richard Hermon-Taylor, Captain of the Cambridge University Y.C. fixes a spinnaker. He has just completed a Chemical Engineering course

6 Miss Carol Viney watches the racing from Seaview headquarters

2



3



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND



When Lieut-Gen. Sir George Gordon Lennox, G.O.C.-in-C Scottish Command, was recently installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle, his two soldier sons, Captain David Gordon Lennox and Major Bernard Gordon Lennox, who are serving in Germany with their father's old regiment, the Grenadier Guards, flew over to take part in the colourful ceremony on the Castle Esplanade. The Captain carried the Castle key which was presented to his father and the Major was an aide in the Governor's party.

Sir George & Lady Gordon Lennox, who have now moved into Gogarbank House the official Governor's residence, lived until recently in London, though with frequent visits to Gordon House at Fochabers, Morayshire.

This was originally one of Scotland's largest castles, but Lady Gordon Lennox tells me that now only one wing and the old tower remain. She is a keen gardener and runs a successful market garden—mostly raspberries and strawberries—at Gordon Castle. "I love gardening," she told me, "and I'm very fond of fishing—in fact, any country pursuits. I was born and bred in the country."

A NEW SCOTSMAN

A new book in May, a new son in June, and a new portrait any time now—that's the quite hectic record which artist and author Dorothy Dunnett, the wife of Mr. Alastair M. Dunnett, editor of Scotland's best-known newspaper, has achieved this year. The Dunnetts already have a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -year-old son, called Ninian after Scotland's earliest Christian saint. The second edition is to be called Mungo for the patron saint of Glasgow, the city from which Mr. Dunnett hails. Mrs. Dunnett discovered her artistic flair quite a number of years ago and turned her hand to illustrating children's books before she took up portrait painting. About three years ago her portrait of her husband's father was hung in the Royal Scottish Academy; the next year it was her husband's turn, then Ninian's. And next year, if all goes well, Mungo will make his appearance.

THREE IN A ROW

This versatile woman with the warm and ready wit has more recently achieved considerable recognition as a writer. Her first novel—a historical romance called *The Game of Kings*—was published in America in 1962 and in Britain in 1963. It was a best seller in both countries. This autumn a German translation is being brought out. Her second book, *Queens' Play*, set also in the 16th century and with the same hero, was published in Britain last month and will come out in America in August. Mrs. Dunnett is now finishing

the third novel in the series. This one is set in Malta and will deal with the Knights. When it's finished, the writer will become the artist once again, and Mrs. Dunnett will set to work on the portrait of a Q.C. "The one is a complete rest from the other," she told me when I asked her about this dichotomy of interests and energy. "If I am engaged on a picture, I usually do two or three days on it, then quite a long time on the book."

DAY OF THE TWO BRIDES

Two sisters, Miss Caroline Bourke Maclean and Miss Gillian Bourke Maclean, daughters of Sir Robert & Lady Maclean, Woodend, Houston, Renfrewshire, were married on the same day in Paisley Abbey, but the occasion was not a double wedding. Each sister had her own separate wedding service—Gillian's immediately following Caroline's. The 650 guests were the same for both weddings and the joint reception was held at Woodend. *A Fanfare for Three Trumpets* was composed especially for the occasion by Professor Robin Orr of Glasgow University, a friend of the brides' family. Miss Caroline Maclean married Mr. John Garrioch Craig, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. R. Craig, Invergare, Rhu, Dunbartonshire. The bride, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, designed her own dress which was made for her, as was her sister's, by Worth. It was of white Chantilly lace and over it she wore an ice-blue satin coat. Her adult bridesmaids, Miss Susan Nicholson, a cousin, and Miss Georgia Taylor-Smith, also wore white lace dresses and pale blue silk coats.

Best man was the Marquess of Graham, and the officiating clergy, the same for both services, were Dr. William H. Rogan, minister of Paisley Abbey, the Rev. J. H. Dutch of Helensburgh, and the Rev. G. K. Mortimer of Houston.

OFF IN A BENTLEY

Miss Gillian Maclean married Mr. John Mackenzie Apold, son of Mr. & Mrs. Knut Apold, Hamilfield, Beith, Ayrshire. The bride's dress was of white wild silk worn with a waist-length tunic embroidered with pearls and lined with gold silk. The bridesmaids were all dressed in gold with headbands of the same material. They were Misses Frances Leggat, Katherine Stormonth Darling, Karen Apold and Susan Apold (sisters of the bridegroom) Fiona Barr, Rosanne Watson and Penelope Stenhouse.

After the reception the two couples began the first stage of their honeymoon together—to the airport—in Mr. Craig's vintage Bentley. They parted company finally at London Airport, Mr. & Mrs. Craig setting off for the West Indies and Mr. & Mrs. Apold for the Mediterranean. J.P.

NEW SOUNDS FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS: ZOE DOMINIC / WORDS: J. ROGER BAKER



SALZBURG

Salzburg, city of Mozart, has been sounding to a rather different sort of music this year since the cast and crew of 20th Century Fox's film version of the Rogers and Hammerstein show *The Sound of Music* arrived for location work. Ultimately every hit musical becomes, for better or worse, a film; and every musical film attempts to be even more glamorous than the last. The subject of this epic is the von Trapp family, papa and seven children who toured Europe just before the Second World War as a little singing group. Already the family has provided material for two films, both German and neither particularly successful. The latest effort, beside the advantage of having a familiar score, is being directed by Robert Wise, who was responsible for *West Side Story*.

A further advantage is the presence of Julie Andrews as the governess who falls in love with von Trapp. Miss Andrews is perhaps the brightest British contribution to international show business since Gertrude Lawrence. After growing up to pantomime and musical comedy work in this country she made a decisive hit in the New York production of *The Boy Friend*, later she sensationalized *My Fair Lady* first in New York then in London, and then rescued the Broadway *Camelot* from an even earlier closing than it had (London will see this show next month at Drury Lane). Only recently has she turned her attention to the cinema, completing this year two films neither of which has yet been seen in this country. They are a Walt Disney musical fantasy called *Mary Poppins*, and a straight comedy role in M.G.M.'s *The Americanisation of Emily*. So *The Sound of Music* will be her first film appearance in the type of role with which she is associated in the public mind. With her in the cast is Christopher Plummer, making his first singing appearance, as von Trapp.

Julie Andrews is married to designer Tony Walton, and with her in Salzburg was their toddler-age daughter Emma Kate, who made a decisive personal hit of her own on various exploratory trips among the cameras and castles.



Julie Andrews (above) as Maria, governess to the seven von Trapp Family children. Julie took her 19-months-old daughter, Emma Kate (right) on location to Salzburg with her. Mother and daughter relax by the lake in the gardens of the von Trapp villa (opposite page). Peggy Wood (below right) was playing musical comedy in the theatre in the days of the silent cinema. Since then she has become a dramatic actress and, at the age of 72, sings for the first time on the screen as the Mother Abbess. Visiting mother on the set (below) is something of an obstacle race



A BIRTHDAY ON WHEELS



1 Mr. Harry Rose and his daughter came in their 1928 4½ litre supercharged Bentley team car, formerly owned by Sir Henry Birkin

2 Mr. M. R. Neale and family in their 1912 Rolls-Royce tourer

3 Major I. M. Floor, D.S.O., M.B.E., and Mrs. Floor in their 1938 4½ litre Bentley



Vintage Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars from all over the country assembled at Goodwood for the concours d'élégance that marked their 60th Anniversary pageant.

Though separate rallies have been organized before, it was not until 1962 that a combined meeting was held at Blenheim Palace.

More than 1,000 Rolls and Bentley enthusiasts attended and this encouraged the organizers to extend their diamond jubilee celebrations and to introduce more variety into the pageant.

The Concours d'Elégance prizes were presented by the Duchess of Richmond & Gordon.

The programme included a display by 140 models produced by the two companies, an aerobatic demonstration by a Rolls-Royce-engined Spitfire and ended with a Grand Parade of cars old and new.

Photographs by Dmitri Kasterine



4 Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Dunn attended the rally in a 1912 Silver Ghost belonging to Mr. W. A. L. Cook

5 Lt. Col. G. M. Jacobs and Mrs. Jacobs, owners of an 8 litre Bentley

6 In his elegant 1964 model, winner of the Continental Bentley class, Mr. Ivan Page-Ratliffe (behind the wheel) and Mr. Gold-Blyth.

Mrs. Gold-Blyth and Mrs. Page-Ratliffe are in the rear seats.



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO...

When I was an impressionable young man of 16 my parents kept Rhode Island Reds. Part of my youth was thus devoted to watching these russet beasts as they went their various yet identical ways, and in due course I found myself able to cluck with no mean ability.

Such an accomplishment should not be underrated. A dozen years later I was a professional producer of radio programmes. One day in the studio, with several thousand pounds worth of tape, studio space, musicians and actors on my hands the script was found to begin with the noise of a hen laying an egg. Casting had overlooked this. No hen. And there was something near to panic as the valuable minutes passed and nobody, neither the tenor sax nor the crooner nor any of the versatile and expensive actors, would own up to being able to cluck. Whereat the golden scenes of my boyhood came flooding back, the days when the sun always seemed to shine on wire-netting and grit-yard... and with tears brimming my eyes I flung myself on the microphone and delivered the goods. It was, in fact, my *début* on the air. I was a skilled producer, but never before had I performed. I wowed them.

It can be imagined then that to me, with such a background and now a rave theatrical reputation, the country meant chickens, chickens and more chickens. And so when, a couple of weeks later, I found myself in a small village in Normandy enjoying the Easter holiday, it was disturbing to notice no single chicken about; geese and bantams, yes, but no single full-sized clucker there to put me at ease in this empty, unreal countryside.

It was, I remember, keen spring weather. Those were the times when you could cross by Channel on the spur of the moment, never finding the boat trains reserved for schoolchildren on the long trek to Paris and that gilded model of the Eiffel tower for their embarrassed Mums and Dads. No, you could put a toothbrush in your pocket and step aboard at five minutes' notice. You could even go *without* a toothbrush. And a lack of pyjamas only emboldened the salacious French air. So I had done, and I walked off the boat at Dieppe that Easter and travelled across the rolling French Devonshire until I found myself bedded down for the night in the chickenless village of—I forget where.

Ever since my early schooldays Northern French villages have kept their deep appeal.

It is the result of those coloured scenes, made of glossy map-parchment stuff, which hung on the walls of the French classroom—blue-bloused farmers and their big-aproned wives trudging about among ducks and dogs and chickens and cows all indistinguishable from ours, yet *unmistakably* French. It must have been the blue blouse that did it: and the line of poplars, and all that reddish half-timbering in most unBritish profusion. In any case, there was always crystal clear spring sunshine irradiating the little scene, and the colours blazed out with a toy-box brilliance. On a spring morning you could *hear* the loud metal ring of that bucket—and in any case it was the only thing in the room worth looking at.

Well, there I was, Eastering in the light of this youthful picture, with everything in place but chickens. All else right with the French world too: a square stone church tower, slate-topped; a blue post-box in a wall of hard red French brick; French cobbles on the roadway; wonky silvery-tin gates to the French front gardens; not a french window in sight. On the wonderfully echoing air came a correctly distant hammering; the low spring sun glittered into bright white life every bud-heavy thicket and branch; a blue-caped gendarme bicycled slowly past. Along the way was a brown-painted little bistro with an iron chair outside, upon which I went to sit and drown my birdless sorrows in a glass of the green stuff.

It was then, just as I raised that glass to my lips, that a clock chimed one, a loud voice intoned "Radio Normandie" across the quiet village street, and there followed such a gigantic clucking, with the full metallic resonance of an over-amplified radio, as had never before astounded the rustic ears of that little village. It was, of course, me. On tape.

The coincidence was jubilant, and so was I, aglow with loving pride at the music of so perfectly laid an egg.

But a second later, from somewhere behind a nearby screen of trees there struck the air like a golden arc the answering and menacing call of a mighty French cockerel! Instant confusion, blushes, heartflutter—as, with a hollowness in my stomach, I perceived what it feels like to be a Bluebell spotted by a *boulevardier* at the *Folies Bergère*. This was *l'amour*!—and was it the lordly voice of my future husband?

WILLIAM SANSOM ON THE WAY THROUGH NORMANDY

SEAT OF THE SUSSEX MIND

DEREK PATMORE reports on life at a new University / **LEWIS MORLEY** took the pictures

Near the village of Falmer, between Brighton and Lewes, in beautiful parkland that once belonged to the Earls of Chichester, an educational revolution is under way. The University of Sussex, first of seven new universities, which received its Royal Charter in August, 1961, has already created a pattern of studies far in advance of the older seats of learning.

Modern in conception—the buildings were designed by Sir Basil Spence, architect of Coventry Cathedral—the new university is filled with a spirit of youth and adventure. The professors and teachers are all young. Professor David Daiches, Head of the School of English and American Studies, told me: "In creating this new university we all decided that we wanted to break down the tendency for too much specialization—these days, many undergraduates are inclined to specialize in one subject to the exclusion of all others. Thus we created four Schools of Studies—apart from my own, there is also the School of European studies, the School of Physical Sciences, the School of Social Studies, and the new School of African and Asian Studies. Any undergraduate attending this university must study other subjects apart from his own. We hope this method will show undergraduates that different subjects are related to each other, and so reveal to them how they are applied to the modern world."

This thriving new university has had massive help from the five local authorities in Sussex. Brighton Corporation made over 150 acres of parkland on a 999-year lease, and the university bought further acres from the Chichester Estate. The Borough Councils of Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and the County Councils of East and West Sussex made a joint yearly contribution of £40,000 which they have now agreed to double. The first part of the building programme cost 2 million pounds and was provided by the Government and a public appeal for funds produced another £500,000. So it looks as if it is already a success.

At present there are 900 undergraduates

at Sussex University, but the demand for admittance is so great that there will be 3,000 in a couple of years. The university is co-educational, and there are as many women students as men.

I was shown round by John Lambert, President of the Students' Union, and was greatly impressed by the air of happy informality. The undergraduates are encouraged to take a personal interest in the conduct of the whole university, and if they do not approve of their lectures or teaching they are allowed to complain to the University authorities. In designing the buildings, Sir Basil Spence has taken an unusual step in building Falmer House, which is a mixture of a recreation centre and meeting place for all the undergraduates. Here are coffee lounges, bars, recreation rooms, lecture rooms, and a huge canteen restaurant decorated by a great Ivon Hitchens

mural. The painter donated it to the University. Interest in the modern arts is especially encouraged, and everywhere the stark red-brick walls are decorated with modern paintings, mostly lent by the collector, Mrs. Lucy Wertheim.

Mr. Lambert, who is studying English, told me: "I chose Sussex because I felt it was the latest thing in British education. I think all the undergraduates here are rather conscious that we are pioneers, and that the eyes of the world are upon us. We love our University, and want to make it a success."

Both Professor Asa Briggs, the Pro-Vice-Chancellor, and Professor Daiches encourage this sentiment. Professor Daiches said: "We are trying to create what we call 'the Sussex mind'." When I asked him to explain, he went on to say:

(Continued on page 125)





Left: Professor David Daiches at the window of his study. He is Dean of the University and head of the School of English and American Studies. Centre left: Professor Asa Briggs, the Pro-Vice Chancellor photographed against a modern painting in his study. Professor Briggs is the active head of the University whose Chancellor is Viscount Monckton. Top left: the University Film Unit is making a documentary on University life. Object here was to film the activities of the students' pop group, the Baskervilles

"I suppose the 'Sussex mind' is a large, humane curiosity, and the ability to see the relationship between things in the modern world."

The buildings Sir Basil has created have already created controversy. The whole conception is daring; it is austere and rather monastic in feeling but you become accustomed to these stark, bare surfaces and realise that they blend subtly with the beauty of the setting. The buildings glitter with light, and are very practical.

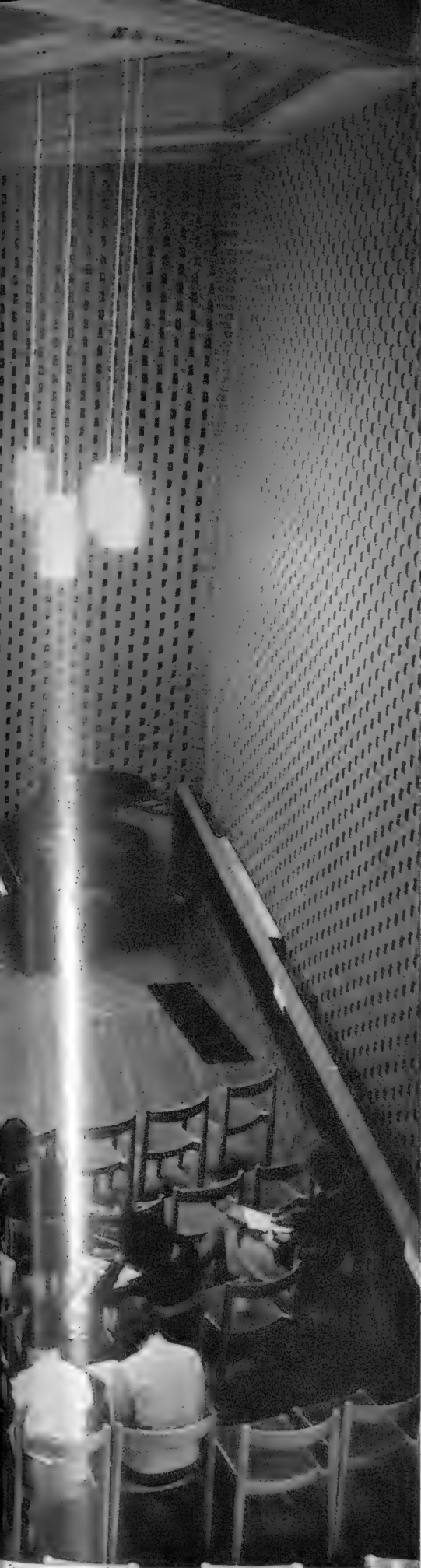
John Lambert asked me to attend a meeting of the Students' Union, and it was interesting to hear how the undergraduates are allowed to air their views. For instance, they do not want the Chapel to be built in the centre of the University, but Sir Basil has decreed that this is part of his plan. They have already petitioned the Senate of the University to ask for a change of plan. Knowing the ways of famous architects, I feel they have little hope, but I was impressed to see how these young men and women are allowed to voice their opinions in public.

At present, the undergraduates all live in Brighton, in boarding houses selected by the University, and talking to some of these young people I was amused to learn that they consider Brighton a cultural desert. "We're holding an Arts Festival in June," one told me, "but Brighton hasn't one decent theatre where we can perform our plays. So we'll have to act in a church hall

or something. But, wait and see, this University is going to change Brighton. Wait until we have 3,000 or even 10,000 students, which will happen eventually. Then we shall be in a position to persuade the Brighton Corporation to do something."

At a period when people are inclined to be pessimistic about the future of Great Britain, I found a visit to the University of Sussex a stimulating and encouraging experience. For here are young people who believe in the future. As one professor told me: "All our students are very idealistic. Many of the girls here are studying at the School of Social Studies, and their reason for doing so is that they want to do some constructive social work."

The work in Sussex has only just started. Already there are plans to build a great Arts Centre, and the University has recently received a grant from the Gulbenkian Foundation for this. Here they aim to have a theatre and concert hall, and engage a leading producer to instruct them in the theatrical arts. Another aim is to build up a permanent collection of modern art. When I was at the meeting of the Students' Union, they voted the money to buy three works of art which had been recently displayed at the University. But like all young people they also have their own pop music group, and I am told that their group is one of the best of all the universities.



Above: in the Debating Chamber at Falmer House, hub of the University, the Cingalese lecturer, Mr. G. Salgado, conducts a course in the School of English Studies. Right: the Refectory—a vast canteen restaurant in Falmer House. The great abstract mural which furnishes one long wall was painted by Ivon Hitchens who donated the work to the new University



In the Junior Common Room at Falmer House there's time (above) for relaxation or (centre) for sleep, and (top) for a peaceful, essentially ruminative, game of chess



The vice-president of the Students' Union at Sussex University, Miss Janet Ward, at the head of one of Sir Basil Spence's dramatic staircases at Falmer House



A general meeting of the Students' Union in the Junior Common Room. The student body is encouraged to voice its criticisms. Speaker here is President John Lambert





Think of a day for one

TATLER 15 JULY 1964 129

Double it

Add an armful of carefree clothes and unlimited sunshine to a leafy glade

Divide a hamperful of strawberries and champagne

Take away the umbrella you first thought of

and the answer is a

PICNIC


Unity Barnes summarizes on the picnic scene

Photographs by Dmitri Kasterine

P

icnics sweet and dry for a girl in a deep blue and white shepherdess frock printed in flowering Liberty cotton, 7½ gns. from Harriet, 8 Gregory Place and also at her new boutique, opening in André Bernard's new salon, 10-10a Old Bond Street on 20 July. Scarlet crocodile sandals, 12½ gns. at Charles Jourdan. False fringe on stiffened base, 3 gns. at Woollands. St. Tropez blazer striped in bottle, turquoise and pine green, £28. Cotton and Terylene Daks pants, £5 10s. Both from Simpson. Lanson's Black Label champagne from Percy Fox. Wicker picnic hamper, £12 10s. from Selfridges





Straight-laced
and
no-nonsense
pants
in
blue
denim,
criss-crossed
in
white
cord,
£4 9s. 6d.
Dark
navy
blue
pullover
in
ribbed
cotton,
£1 9s. 11d.
Both
at
Jaeger.
Man's
denim
shirt,
£3 19s. 6d.
at
Simpson

B

*ermuda shorts
for a
bright Daddy
Longlegs,
in tough
blue denim,
with patch pockets
and a self belt.
By Emcar,
£1 15s. at Woollands
21 Shop.
Scarlet sweater
from France
in ribbed wool,
one sleeve
striped in
blue and white,
£4 19s. 6d. at Peter
Robinson, Strand.
White peep-toe
baseball boots,
4½ gns. at
Charles Jourdan*





OK

it for
a swinging
picnic—
cable stitched
sweater
in
daisy white
pure wool,
£2 19s. 11d. from
West End
branches
of Neatawear.
Poppy red
leather skirt,
16 gns. at
Gordoba.
The rope belt
costs 6 gns.
at Gucci.
Owlsh sunglasses,
4 gns. at
Fenwick.
Brightly
woven hammock,
£4 16s. at
Gamages





We are asked by the proprietors of the Walk-Over Shoe Company Inc. and the George E. Keith British Stores Limited to state that the shoes appearing on pages 408-409 of our issue of 13 May have no connection with the Companies mentioned above and are not their products

This summer the prettiest decorations to go in a room are iced white. Ice the curtains and the wall for a snowy look to spotlight furniture; ice the furniture too for a roomful of rest. But keep the carpet a shade nearer stone and mix in a few touches of beige and brown to warm it up. Ice this classic Magistretti chair white, it usually comes in dark but looks crisper and brighter colours and cleaner white.

£12 17s. 6d. at

Habitat who sell masses of summer icing. Ice

a huge, plain lemonade jug

in gleaming china;

£1 1s. 7d., a pestle

and mortar: 12s. 6d.,

and an apothecary

jar in many sizes:

£1 15s. 11d. Ice a

bunch of cotton

carnations made in

stiff stuff that always

looks crisp: 3s.

each. While you're at it, ice a summer opaline goblet:

7s. 6d. and some ceramic fruit, apple or pear: 7s. 6d. each at Casa Pupo.

Snow-white ideas:

Ice layer on layer of organdie curtains for a little girl's room.

Scallop the edges and pleat the tops so the skirts spring out. Ice the china so that the

cloth, and napkins won't quarrel with it. Simple everyday shapes are Arabia's sturdy pottery. Prettier, pin thin china is Schonwalds wispy shapes at Woollands.

COUNTERSPY
BY ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

on plays

John Salt / A scream in the third floor back

Mr. Joe Orton's comedy, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, at Wyndham's Theatre, is both funny and fast-talking. It needs to be in order to put over a basically horrible idea. For Mr. Orton's play (it is his first and I understand that Mr. Terence Rattigan hails it as the best first in some three decades), concerns itself with the plight of a lodger, Mr. Sloane, who is required to satisfy not only the amorous needs of his landlady but also those of her brother. I say plight advisedly though in fact Mr. Sloane, as played by the engaging Mr. Dudley Sutton, is not to be pitied. He is a psychopath, a tearaway, and eminently apt to supply the epicene requirements outlined above.

Mr. Sloane is also a bit of a mother's boy and this is at once perceived by his landlady, endearingly played by Miss Madge Ryan. In this respect he much resembles that other little killer, the eupeptic Danny of *Night Must Fall*, with the difference that Mr. Emlyn Williams' villain had no sense of humour and Mr. Orton's has only too much. Mr. Sloane is the sort of man whom his friend would describe as a screamer, they might also add that he ought to be on the stage. And here, so help me, he is, acting away like mad because that is his metier and his protection. If Mr. Sloane were ever to stop acting long enough to think he coherent and logical thought he would be a screamer indeed and we should have to carry him away in a canvas jacket with double strapping.

Mr. Orton's dialogue is rapid machine gun staccato. It crackles across the stage in short, sharp sentences between the lodger and the landlady like a championship singles rally at Wimbledon, an illusion further heightened by the precision with which we jerked our heads from right to left to follow the quicksilver flight of the conversational ball. When the third character, Mr. Peter Vaughan as the brother, made his appearance during these rallies he stood most mercifully upstage centre so that it was possible when he spoke to interrupt our jerking and give him a nod as it were in passing.

Mr. Vaughan is an actor of power and conviction. I have seen him as a vicious, obsessive and anti-social sergeant of

Liverpool police, as a teadyspeptic news editor of a national daily. On neither occasion could I imagine him playing anything else. Yet not until he met Mr. Sloane had I realized how closely his eyes are set, how thin and cruel the lips to that wide trap of a mouth. Mr. Vaughan in fact had carried conviction again, and after a while it became worrying. Mr. Sutton and Miss Ryan were no less convincing. This triumvirate, unholy by any dispensation, were steadily working to the climax that in the theatre is called magic but which in Mr. Orton's context became something very like nightmare.

It might be a comfort to consider that this is just a play being acted on a stage but then

that's all the world is. Perhaps this cosy, over-stuffed best room really does exist in a bijou villa set down in the middle of some forgotten rubbish dump of long-abandoned suburban terrace speculation. Perhaps there really is such an old man as this sad Dada of Mr. Charles Lamb snuffling audibly while he toasts damp crumpets on a two-bar electric fire and furtively takes a nibble from each pallid disc of raw dough as he subjects the new lodger to a deeply suspicious and wholly disillusioned cross examination.

The Dada sees his Nemesis in Mr. Sloane and he is not mistaken. His progress through the play is a progress to the tomb and the terror of it is that we laugh him on his way. Still the Dada is certainly better out of it in the light of the final arrangement made by the landlady and her brother for the safekeeping of their lover Mr. Sloane. His entertainment

is now assured for all time, or at least until such time—and this is foreshadowed—when his protectors will fall out of love with him. Should this happen, and one feels it must, Mr. Sloane will fall apart, disintegrate into so many million screaming pieces that Mr. Orton, for all his ingenuity and self-evident wit, will never be able to put him together again.

Plays enough have been made, and indeed destroyed, by the performance of their interpreters. Mr. Orton's—and this is not to underrate his own considerable achievement—gains considerably from the work of his actors, themselves supported by the direction of Mr. Patrick Dromgoole and the cosy-sinister, splendidly claustrophobic set of Mr. Timothy O'Brien.

Irene Hamilton as Evadne in The Maid's Tragedy at the Mermaid Theatre



THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS

Peter Brook's *Lord of the Flies* arrives at the Cameo-Poly in London later this month, nearly a year after its New York opening.

The film, adapted from William Golding's novel about a 'plane that crashes on an uninhabited desert island, leaving a group of English schoolboys as the only survivors, was shot entirely on location in Viques, near Puerto Rico in the Caribbean.

Of the 33 children in the cast, only one was flown out from England, 9 year-old Hugh Edwards from Camberley (right centre) who plays "Piggy", the fat, asthmatic boy who helps to preserve social discipline in their tightly knit community.

The other children in the cast, including James Aubrey (bottom right) and the Surtees twins (top right), were English children living in Puerto Rico or New York.

The children's veneer of civilization, so easily assumed, crumbles just as easily to reveal their primitive instincts. Their natural cruelty gives way to unbridled savagery and, prompted by the fear of a pagan idol they have set up, they enter a blood ritual of killing and sacrifice.

Mr. Brook made the film entirely independent of any production set-up and this allowed him to improvise freely on the script during shooting. A disused pineapple factory on Viques was used as a dormitory for the boys and students were engaged as camp counsellors, but as the young actors became more deeply immersed in their roles, the number of weekly resignations increased greatly. The crew also noticed that the children were identifying more and more closely with the characters they were playing. Author Golding's dry comment: "That's very much what I would have expected. I'm surprised the adults survived."



on films

Elspeth Grant / The merry widow

Miss Shirley MacLaine wears clothes superlatively well and in *What A Way To Go!*, the message of which, if I read it aright, is that old saw about "money isn't everything," she has a wardrobe that must have accounted for a substantial slice of the five million dollars the film cost. She looks positively fab. So why, since beauty in any form raises my spirits, did I leave the cinema feeling a mite low?

Maybe because I like to think of Miss MacLaine as an actress rather than a clothes horse, and here she's scarcely called upon to act at all. She pouts a little, pipes the eye and occasionally puts on a dismayed grin—but mostly she's only modelling the extravagant gowns designed by Miss Edith Head and, *really*, there are hordes of shapely non-actresses who could do that just as elegantly.

Miss MacLaine, in becoming widow's weeds, spills out to a psychiatrist (Mr. Bob Cummings) the sad story of her matrimonial experiences. All she ever wanted was the simple life and to love and be loved by a nice, simple man. For this reason, early on, she turned down flashy Mr. Dean Martin, the richest guy in her small hometown, married Mr. Dick Van Dyke, an impecunious storekeeper, and enjoyed domestic bliss in a tumbledown shack until her husband developed ambitions, became a wizard salesman and died (disgustingly rich) of overwork.

The next bargain Miss MacLaine picked up in the marriage market was a crazy, penniless, Parisian artist (Mr. Paul Newman), whose cluttered garret looked like Heaven to her. But (wouldn't you know it?) he went and amassed a vast fortune by inventing an electronically-controlled painting machine (very funny, this bit) and, under the heady influence of strains of Wagner, the beastly thing one day ran amok and did him in.

Rolling in dough but third-time unlucky, Miss MacLaine then met up with and married a multi-multi-millionaire (Mr. Robert Mitchum) who gallantly neglected his financial affairs to give her a good time. The humiliating discovery that his business could get along swingingly without him (his fortune had trebled itself on its own) so shook Mr. Mitchum that, to his wife's delight, he decided to

sell out and settle down on a farm. Alas! Though he could tell a Wall Street bull from a bear, he didn't know the difference between an agricultural bull and a cow and—well, that was the end of *him*.

All this was very daunting for Miss MacLaine but she was nothing if not a trier, so she married Mr. Gene Kelly—a fifth-rate song-and-dance man (in clown's make-up) whom she discovered at a New Jersey hamburger joint. Surely nothing could happen to *him*. But, of course, something did. Shedding his clown's gear, he blossomed into a top TV personality and film star and finished up as a horrid little mess on the studio floor, fatally trampled underfoot by stampeding fans, and leaving Miss MacLaine burdened with 211 million dollars.

Mr. Lee Thompson has ingeniously related each episode in the story to a skit on the film form most appropriate to it—the old-time silent, the

daring early French movie, the colossal-colossal "Lush Budgette" production (with Miss MacLaine and Mr. Mitchum cosily bedded down in the biggest champagne glass in the world), and the arch musical of 30 years ago (in which, I must say, Mr. Kelly and Miss MacLaine really sparkle). These interpolations bring wit to all the opulence and I enjoyed them. Though the film, I think, lacks warmth and heart, I have to admit that it's certainly an eye-ful.

The best thing in *Wonderful Life*, the latest musical to star Mr. Cliff Richard, is a neatly condensed, madly hilarious "History of the Movies"—in which Mr. Richard O'Sullivan gives a dazzling performance as the Mr. Charles Chaplin of long ago and Mr. Richard, with a versatility that is quite staggering, effortlessly impersonates such diverse stars as the Messrs. Groucho Marx, Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer—and out-Bonds James Bond in a delicious seduction scene, rudely interrupted by (if I'm not mistaken) *The Shadows*, posing as Keystone Cops.

The story is a tangled one of a film within a film. Mr. Rich-

ard and his young friends, stranded somewhere in the Canaries, find excellent Mr. Walter Slezak, a film producer, busily making an old-fashioned epic with Miss Susan Hampshire as its star. Mr. Slezak berates Miss Hampshire for her lack of talent (I'd hate to tell you how conspicuous it is), and the boys are so sorry for her that they decide to prove the old geezer is being unfair by making a smashing film with her themselves.

This proves to be a very tricky (and somewhat tedious) business—but skip it. Mr. Sidney J. Furie's direction is splendidly spirited (though perhaps he goes in too much for lightning, scene and costume switches), the choreography (by Miss Gillian Lynne) is just fine, Miss Una Stubbs is an absolute darling—and Mr. Richard is so easy, charming and accomplished (as singer, actor and dancer), that's he's worth going miles to see.

Boy meets girl on tropic beach. Cliff Richard and Susan Hampshire set up a James Bond-type adventure in a dream sequence from Wonderful Life



on records

Gerald Lascelles / Bluer than blue

Anyone who has turned on a radio or television set in the past two years must have heard the blues-influenced pop music which has captured the ear of the Western world. It comes as no great surprise to me, though I would never have predicted that this root form of jazz would catch on as quickly and widely as it has. One of the problems today is to separate the spurious from the authentic, particularly since the record companies have made haste to flood the market with this type of music.

Despite the inherent stigma of sophistication, Ella Fitzgerald produces one of her greatest albums in **These are the Blues** (Verve), with outstanding accompaniment by Wild Bill Davis at the organ, and Roy Eldridge's pungent trumpet comments thrusting through the vocal line. *You Don't Know My Mind* captures the spirit of the blues as well as anything Ella has ever put on record.

Another master of this art is Jimmy Witherspoon, who is by no means a newcomer to the scene. In **Evenin' Blues** (Stateside) he more than justifies the acclaim he has received during his recent month's residence at Ronnie Scott's Soho jazz club. He came up in the right school, having served his apprenticeship with Kansas City leader Jay McShann, and then worked with Basie. He likes working with a tenor sax behind him, and found a good one then in Ronnie Scott, just as he did in Clifford Scott on this album. For those who want to be a jump ahead, I would described him as the style setter of the '70s!

The Blues—Vol. 2 (Pye) introduces most of the successful names of the day: Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Howlin' Wolf, and Little Walter. There is a track by Witherspoon, not one of his greatest, and Muddy revives his inevitable *Mojo*. John Lee Hooker, whose *Sugar Mama* is one of the best pieces in this mixed album, is probably the most authentic blues man still active today. In his latest release, *I Want To Shout The Blues* (Stateside), he sings only his own material, conveying a lonely message of sadness and rejection, interspersed with such "happiness" themes as *I Want to Ramble* and *I Want to Hug You*.

A revival of last year's excit-

ing tour by blues artists is made with **A Documentation of Authentic Blues** (Fontana), about which I wrote earlier this year. Memphis Slim, Lonnie Johnson, Willie Dixon, and Big Joe Williams are heard in these live recordings at a Bremen concert. Sonny Boy Williamson, also well featured in this concert, came from Alabama, and he didn't bring a banjo, but a harmonica. In **Down and Out**

Blues (Pye), you may find some of the tracks a little bit down to earth, but Sonny Boy never pulls his punch lines, while he keeps his harmonica solos to an economic and expressive minimum.

Many people believe that the blues were the prerogative of women, possibly influenced by the domination of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey in the early recording days. **Out Came the Blues** (Ace of Hearts) is a historical record of blues spanning from 1934 to 1953, with predominantly male singing throughout. Men like Joe Turner, Scrapper Blackwell, Peetie

Wheatstraw, Sleepy John Estes and Cousin Joe gave of their best when singing about wanton women, but it remains for Trixie Smith and Rosetta Crawford to contribute the two best tracks of the set. In both cases the accompanying group makes the most of the occasion; with Trixie you will hear Charlie Shavers, Sidney Bechet and Teddy Bunn; Rosetta claimed the backing of Tommy Ladnier in his last session, with Bunn, James P. Johnson, and Mezz Mezzrow all demonstrating their ability and willingness to play the blues till there weren't any notes left to blow.



Sculptor John Hoskin has a one-man show at the Grosvenor Gallery which continues until 25 July

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Man and myth

Seeing the exhibition now at the Qantas Gallery, in Piccadilly, is like seeing the beginning of a film last. Not that the Ned Kelly paintings of 1946-47 are Sidney Nolan's first works, but they are the beginning of the Nolan we know best and shall probably remember longest. They are among the first products of his emancipation from Ecole de Paris influences; influences exerted at a distance of 12,000 miles and largely through the medium of reproductions.

For several years after 1937, when he was 20, Nolan was painting abstractions and making surrealist collages that look suspiciously like those done by Ernst nearly two decades earlier. What happened next should give hope to the many artists (at least two of whom are known to me personally) who find themselves up an abstract blind-alley and

can see no way out.

Serving with the army during the War he was stationed in the north of Victoria in an elemental landscape, the stark reality of which seduced his imagination from abstraction and forced him to take up the challenge of nature. The first results were a group of "Wimmera landscapes," a few of which were seen here in 1962.

In 1946 he was drawn again into the bush, this time to the north-east of Victoria, the "Ned Kelly country." As a child he had heard the story of the wild young outlaw-hero and had seen Kelly's rudimentary armour and his gun displayed as a museum piece in Melbourne's aquarium. Now landscape and legend combined to make a challenge to which he has returned several times (and will return again) but never with more spontaneity, spirit and sincerity than is to be

found in this first series of Ned Kelly pictures.

The 25 pictures have come from the Museum of Modern Art and Design in Melbourne. When they were shown in that city in 1948 and in Sydney in 1958 they were received with indifference and even hostility. But last year in Melbourne where they were seen again "hymns of praise greeted them as though they were religious icons whose symbolic efficacy none had ever doubted." The prophet Nolan, having already been honoured in almost every other country in the world, was at last acclaimed in his home town.

Even now, in London, a word of explanation of the *faux naïf* style of the paintings, may be necessary to make the pictures acceptable to many who see them. Paradoxically their "childishness" is a very complex thing. As I understand him, Nolan has tried not simply to illustrate the story of Ned Kelly but also to show the folkloristic nature of the myth that still surrounds him. The naïve style parallels not only Nolan's own childhood image

of Ned, but also the hero-worship with which adults of his own class surrounded him in his own day and continued to surround him long after his execution at the age of 25.

On another level the pictures are an attempt (a highly successful one) to create a symbol, that would represent not just Kelly the man, but Kelly the myth, and to relate that symbol convincingly to a realistic landscape. The symbol is, of course, the Kelly armour and iron mask treated as a flat-painted, abstract shape animated sometimes by the addition of a pair of eyes peering through the slit in the square-shaped mask, sometimes by a pair of hands, sometimes by being set on the haunches of a horse, but more often by some indefinable quality, a quality that provides a link between the artist's pre-war and post-war work and shows an element of continuity where at first there seems none.

One of Sidney Nolan's Ned Kelly paintings, currently at the Qantas Gallery



on books

Oliver Warner / Conversations with cats

If cats talked, what would they say? I say "if cats talked," but of course anyone who owns one will know that they do talk, chiefly through the movements of their ears. But Mrs. Cary's cat was different; it spoke like you and I and, when she settled down to live in her seaside cottage, it delighted the heroine of **The Cat and Mrs. Cary** (Methuen 16s.). Three cheers for this happy, unpretentious first book by Doris Gates. As likeable as the cat are the 12-year-old nephew, Brad, and the very good smuggling plot. I am not wholly won over by Shirley Hughes' illustrations: admittedly they are full of character, but I have my own notions about cats, often as perverse as the creatures themselves!

Margaret Lane's **A Night at Sea** (Hamish Hamilton 18s.) describes a night in the Mediterranean on a yacht owned by a Q.C. whose emotional affairs are very involved. His wife is trying to reconcile herself to the idea of an "other woman" and also on board are a younger couple whose altogether less

intense attraction is neatly suggested. The publisher has asked reviewers not to disclose the *dénouement*, so I will just say that it is ironical and seems to leave some of the problems a shade sadder than it found them. Miss Lane is as informed about human behaviour as she is about sailing, and her writing displays a flair for the unexpected.

Next time you are in Oxford it is well worth visiting the Ashmolean to see Lorenzo di Bicci's enchanting marine, *St. Nicholas Calming a Tempest*. I am delighted to find it reproduced in R. J. Mitchell's **The Spring Voyage** (Murray 25s.) which is about a pilgrimage to the Holy Land made by a party who embarked at Venice in 1458, in the middle of the Wars of the Roses. There were two Englishmen, one an Earl, John Tiptoft of Worcester, whose monument you can see at Ely; the other was a William Wey, who was trying to write a guide. If you enjoy old-time travel-with-an-object, true adventures by sea and land, this is a good example.

The production is perfect, and it includes an unfamiliar pull-out map of Venice from the British Museum. It is sad to think that this is the last completed work of a scholar particularly well versed in matters Italian. He died last year in a road accident.

Briefly . . . The Abominable Clubman by Tom Girtin (Hutchinson 30s.) is about the crusty, all-male London clubs which can be such a sanctuary from home, and seem to encourage ill-manners within a potentially congenial society. All the more famous clubs are included, and there are some good stories, new and not so new, which should help to persuade women that they have missed little in not organizing similar institutions.

Three books about far-away places. **Stone Age Island** by Maslyn Williams (Collins 35s.) is about seven years spent in New Guinea, among people with a way of life best described as that of a primitive pocket. This is serious anthropology, backed up by admirable photography and essential end-paper maps . . . Michael Adams' **Umbria** (Faber 36s.) is a work of deep affection for a part of Italy with no coastline and, perhaps for that very reason,

with as much or more of the Italian essence than any other region. Certainly any district which includes Perugia, Assisi and Foligno (where Dante was first printed) deserves such a book of appreciation and knowledge . . . As for Stowers Johnson's **Gay Bulgaria** (Hale 18s.), the author is one of those people working to publicise Bulgaria's tourist potential. Mr. Johnson has a working knowledge of Russian and a Dormobile; these, and a lively eye for a picture, are assets which help to make travel readable, but I am not yet convinced that those less well equipped than he would find in Bulgaria such joys as are certain in Turkey, Greece or Umbria.

Show jumping: David Barker's **One Thing and Another** (Pelham Books 21s.) is an account of the experiences of a young man who has been described as "the complete horseman," and few would argue the matter after reading this volume . . . As for **Ins and Outs**, by the Australian cricket star Norman O'Neill (Pelham Books 25s.), is he not here in person, charming us with his stroke-play and his general zest? Cricket books are very much a breed of their own, and this is big cricket without frills, a treat for enthusiasts.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Apples in the frying-pan

An apple a day is supposed to keep the doctor away—but what if your family does not eat raw apples, even the best dessert ones? There are pies, of course, but these are better when made with cooking apples.

Recently I arrived home with a bag of beautiful specimens of dessert apples from Australia and used them for sweets that hold their shape when cooked—something cooks will not do very well.

First, **POMMES NORMANDE**, for which you need a large frying-pan or two smaller ones. For four people, use 4 to 5 dessert apples, depending on their size. Peel, cut into quarters or eighths and remove the cores. Heat together (not too hot) 1 to 2 oz. of butter and a teaspoon of corn oil (to prevent the butter burning). Arrange the apples in one layer in the pan and gently cook them until the under sides are a golden tone. Turn the apples, and immediately sprinkle them with caster

sugar mixed with ground cinnamon to taste—very little cinnamon because one should not disguise the lovely natural flavour of the fruit. Brown the apples on their other sides.

Some say the apples should be cooked on all three sides, but this entails extra attention and is unnecessary. When the apples are golden on two sides, and translucent, they are cooked enough. Sprinkle them with a little Calvados or brandy, leave it to warm through, then set it alight. Serve the apples while they are still flaming—but they are perfectly good without being *flambées*.

I have a dish of my own—an **APPLE GINGER SWEET**—which can be served either hot or cold. For four servings, peel, core and halve 4 smallish dessert apples and gently cook them in a syrup similar to the above but to which has been added the juice and thinly peeled rind of a small lemon. When they are translucent, remove them.

Add to the strained syrup 1 to 2 tablespoons of thinly sliced crystallized ginger, or ginger in syrup, and a pinch or two of ground ginger blended with a teaspoon of water. Pour this over the apples.

There seems no point in adding any spirit to this sweet but the inclusion of a little sherry in the syrup will not be amiss.

To make much more of a sweet with these dessert apples, peel, quarter and core up to 6 of them. Make a syrup as above (8 oz. of sugar to 1 pint of water) and gently simmer the apples in it until they are translucent and the syrup very much reduced, so that the apples become slightly candied. When cold, prick each and arrange them in a mould lightly smeared with corn oil. Trickle over them a measure of rum, brandy or Cointreau. Cover and leave in a cold place until next day. Turn out on to a serving dish and decorate the top with angelica, glacé cherries or any other glacé fruit you wish. Over the top pour half-whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavoured with vanilla essence to taste.

Having these lovely dessert apples brought to mind a very good dish with lean pork chops or cutlets or spare ribs cut into

individual portions. Allow a cored unpeeled small apple for each chop or cutlet, the rind removed. Quickly and lightly brown the pork on both sides in a little butter and corn oil. Season the pork with salt and pepper. Halve the apples and fit them round the meat, together with a chopped onion and the pork rind itself. I had to use two good-sized pans for this.

When the apples and onion have coloured a little, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of dry white wine and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water. Cover and cook very gently for 1½ to 2 hours. If you like the flavour of carraways, empty your pepper mill, grind a few of the seeds in it and add them. Remove the pork and apples to a heated serving-dish. Spoon off excess fat from the "stock." If the liquid has evaporated too much, add enough hot water to make $\frac{3}{4}$ pint. Bring to it the boil, rubbing the bottom of the pan with a wooden spoon to incorporate the residue. For 4 chops, blend a teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water and stir it into the boiling stock. Spoon this sauce over the pork and apples, and with them serve tiny boiled whole potatoes, turned in the gravy and sprinkled with chopped chives and parsley.

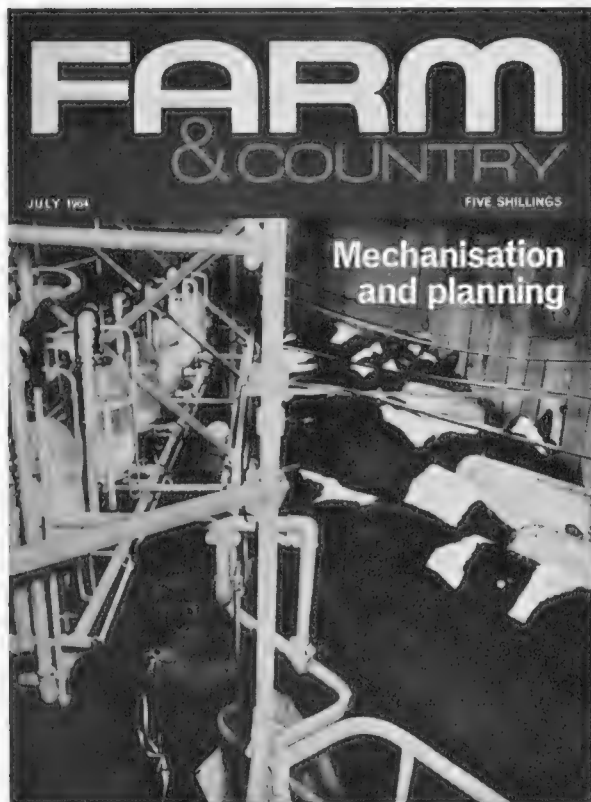


OPEN PLAN

Plan for the open air: all the creamy liquids that give a protective, pretty surface to the skin. Orlane introduce Mirasol that has the texture of a foundation and makes the skin look good while it tans. One sunny shade: 18s. 6d. the tube. A bright plan from Orlane is their free-of-charge cleanse and make-up by a consultant. This service is available on Tuesdays at Galeries Lafayette; on Wednesday at Woollands and Thursdays at Barkers of Kensington. The effect of sun and water is to make even the most grown-up face look childishly bare. Even though eye liner will certainly melt away, two applications of mascara keeps eyes in focus. The newest kind that makes lashes look almost as good as an extra pair, keeps on under water. Revlon's Fabulash has a lash base with it that goes on first to speed the build up. Dark brown and blue are subtle: black looks too hard in the open: 17s. 6d. with the base. Small helpings of things you usually buy in big bottles are useful to pack for beach or car. Elizabeth Arden are thoughtful with small doses of regular products. Their traveller's kit is a zipped case holding skin tonic, hand lotion, liquid cleanser, comb, tissues, soap and a small toothbrush: 27s. 6d. Purse size phials with a compartment each end hold useful things like a partnership of liquid cleanser and skin tonic: 8s. 6d. Or Blue Grass liquid soap and hand lotion: 7s. 9d. To cure a windsore face or a touch of sunburn, try Arden's eight-hour cream. This can also double as a cream for hair that has been bared to drying sun and wind: 9s. 6d.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

JULY ISSUE NOW ON SALE



THE NEW

FARM & COUNTRY

Farm mechanisation is the main theme of the July issue, now on sale. Its comprehensive survey of the latest machinery includes a review of demonstrations on grassland machinery, sugar beet machinery and fertiliser machinery. Other features are a preview of machinery exhibits at the Royal Show, and an exclusive series of pictures of the latest Russian farm machinery. Among other important articles in the July issue are those on

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MOTORING

About 200 miles west of Paris is a vast complex of industrial buildings in the midst of the Brittany countryside. This is the new Citroën factory, the most modern in Europe and already producing hundreds of cars a day. It is situated in the wilds nearly six miles from the nearest town, Rennes, but in choosing such an isolated spot Citroën chiefs have demonstrated again the unconventional nature of their thinking. For instance, they made up their minds 25 years ago that it was better to drive the front wheels than the back, and every Citroën car since then has followed this design.

When it came to selecting the site of a new factory, they listened to the French Government's decree that it must be in an under-industrialized area, and set about finding such a one that nevertheless possessed a reservoir of labour. The average Breton family, they discovered, has a son or two surplus to the requirements of the main local industry—fishing—and so it came about that thousands of them are now minding machines instead of nets.

Here at Rennes-la-Janais the chief Citroën model being turned out is the Ami-6, which is basically a larger and more "classy" version of the famous little 2-CV. It looks entirely different but is still powered by a two-cylinder engine, air-cooled, simple and reliable in the extreme and with an output of 25 b.h.p. from its 602 c.c. capacity. It is a stolid performer, with a top speed around 65 m.p.h., but it will maintain this speed over favourable ground indefinitely. Much in its favour is the low compression ratio (7.8 to 1), which suits it to the cheaper grades of petrol. I have heard of someone who handled the throttle with great care and achieved 70 m.p.g.; my own average, under normal conditions and at reasonable touring speeds, was fully 45 m.p.g.

In comfort, too, the Ami-6 excels, with its softly cushioned seats and spongy springing. The same system as the 2-CV has been adopted; it is very simple and consists of a centrally placed cylinder contain-

ing a helical spring, on each end of which a rod from one front and one back wheel pulls. This couples them together and, while working in unison, they stiffen one another against road shocks.

Admittedly, this is excellent over rough roads at moderate speeds, but can be a trifle bouncy when accelerating on a good road. A humpbacked bridge taken very fast can produce an effect rather like an aircraft's bumpy touchdown. Citroën know their market, however, and the Frenchman loves all the models they make—so much so that home demand is permanently high, and the firm sees no reason why it should woo export buyers with a subsidised price. Hence the Ami-6 is listed in our country at £701, which puts it in a category uncompetitive with other makes and comparable specifications.

The general design is, to our eyes, somewhat foreign and this is equally true of the gear shift, which consists of a knob-ended rod that one pulls out or pushes in, twisting it the while to change gear.

The rear window is given a steep backward rake—far more than the Ford Anglia—and this has the advantage of keeping it immune from obscuration by snow, or even rain. A point to watch is that the peak of the window in each front door can easily catch one's coat, or even a short person's face, when the door is opened.

At the front, a simple and unpretentious wire-mesh grille covers, but does not conceal, the large fan which cools the engine, and square-shaped headlamp casings add to the car's unorthodox appearance. An unusual feature incorporated in these lamps is that the direction of beam can be adjusted to compensate for any extra load in the back of the car. The adjustment is made from the facia panel; to my knowledge no other car manufacturer makes such provision for courteous driving. The door catches, too, with their ingenious safety lock, are unique, and altogether this Ami-6 deserves careful inspection by the seeker after practical intelligence in motorcar design.

"At last the clothing trade has done something towards educating a lost generation in the rudiments of tasteful dressing." That's one forthright, West Riding comment on a booklet that's being handed out to thousands of school-leavers. Titled *Dress Up To Your Future*, it is written by Norman Shuttleworth, managing director of Hepworths; so far 15,000 copies have been sent to careers masters and personnel managers.

Anyone who has interviewed young men looking for their first job will know how badly needed this booklet is. While business has conventional requirements, standards of dress have relaxed, and a number of young men are seemingly not prepared to adopt a way of dressing for business that differs from their leisure dress. Mr. Shuttleworth attacks these and other problem cases with vivid commonsense, and points out that dressing well doesn't show conceit, but laudable humility. The conceit is rather in the other man, who

David Morton / Common dress sense

MAN'S WORLD

doesn't bother. The booklet continues with very sound advice on the choice of clothes for varying physiques and complexions, what clothes for the occasion, accessories, accumulating a wardrobe, caring for clothes, cost, and finally a superbly veiled suggestion that one could do worse than go to Hepworths. As indeed one could.

Hardy is at it again. This time it's a new topper with the "designed by Hardy Amies" label. Battersby & Co. commissioned it and very good it looks. One might think that the design of the topper was sacrosanct, and at first glance the new hat seems to differ very little from the old style. But the crown turns out to be higher and straighter, with very little curve in it. The brim is narrower, and the band is narrower, too, making the

crown seem even higher. Like every hat, it looks better worn well forward over the nose. Price? About six guineas; the new toppers will be in the shops at the end of August.

Anything that allows a man to change into swimming trunks on the beach without being hauled up before the magistrates on an indecent exposure charge must be a useful form of holiday insurance. Such is the Sarong, which comes from Sweden, not Fiji, via Austin Reed. Made of Terry towelling in four plaids basically coloured blue, tan, grey or red, the Sarong has a large pocket (one can't have too large a pocket, or too many, on beaches) and fastens with an adjustable press stud at the waist. 35s.

Meanwhile back in grimy old London, dust falls on David Morton and millions more.

Black, gritty, diesely dust, that seems to settle within minutes on the collar and cuffs of a fresh shirt. And shirts cost 1s. 8d. to launder just now. So a cotton shirt that you can wash as you please—boil, bleach, mangle, spin-dry—and don't even have to iron, sounds attractive.

The makers say this shirt irons itself, a rather spooky idea to my mind. I don't like to think about my shirts dripping around the place plugging in electric irons and setting up ironing boards. But what they mean, of course, is that you just don't have to iron it. The secret is largely in the inter-lining of the collar and cuffs; I've done my level best to ruin their appearance, but they remain unwrinkled without the pressure of an iron. These shirts are made for Littlewoods Chain Stores and cost 27s. 11d. for plain white or solid colours.

Just the sort of shirt, in fact, to wear for an interview with Norman Shuttleworth. But not, perhaps, with the Sarong and the grey topper.



NORMAN CHALK



NORMAN CHALK



STUDIO MANDARIN



BARRY SWABE

ENGAGEMENTS AND WEDDING

- 1 Miss Tessa Jane Norris to the Hon. David George Staveley Norris. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Norris, of Timbers Chase, Chiddingfold, Surrey. He is the elder son of Viscount & Viscountess Marchwood, of The Manor House, Cholderton, near Salisbury, Wilts.
- 2 Miss Ann Fiona Pennefather to Lt. Peter Henley, Royal Navy. She is the daughter of Captain R. R. S. Pennefather, R.N., & Mrs. Pennefather, of Trevose, West Byfleet. He is the son of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph & Lady Henley, of The Orchard, South Harting, W. Sussex.
- 3 Miss Verena Bromley-Kemp to Mr. Thomas John Beczkiewicz. She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. L. Bromley-Kemp, and of Mrs. Dallas, of 30 Avenue Guiseppe Motto, Geneva, Switzerland. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. P. A. Beczkiewicz, of Indianapolis, U.S.A.
- 4 Wills—Tulloch: the Hon. Marion Wills, daughter of Lord Dulverton, of Batsford, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, and of Judith Lady Dulverton, of Hamswell House, Bath, was married to John, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. A. R. Tulloch, of Gillespie, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, at St. James's, Piccadilly.



THE VIEW FROM GAIA

Vila Nova de Gaia fronts Oporto from the hither side of the turbid, fast-flowing and, to me, basically inimical River Douro. Upstream, or to the right if you prefer it that way, lie two splendid iron bridges, one of them built by that M. Eiffel of Tower fame. Across the river and left along the skyline of the brilliantly white city bulks a cloistered basilica where Napoleon's Marshal Soult, so legend has it, was surprised at dinner by the dire news that Wellington had forced the line of the Douro and was about to enter Oporto. Legend then has it that Wellington not only annexed the city but the Marshal's dinner as well. Legend does not further record—or at least I can't tell you—what the dinner was, but the chances are certainly even that it included a glass, or possibly a bottle, of the wine that takes its name from the city he captured.

Port after all had been a part of West Country cargoes since the late 16th century, when Devonshire merchants first put into Lisbon and Oporto to buy locally. The trade owed gratitude also to a couple of notable English monarchs, Charles II and William of Orange who, by slapping an embargo on French wines, had materially helped the Portuguese export. The results of so much history can be seen in part from the red-tiled lodges and the steep cobbled alleys of Vila Nova de Gaia; a city, Oporto, that grew from its maritime trade with the Old World and the New, a suburb, Gaia, that is quite literally a fortress of wine. The output of the Upper

Douro—that region demarcated for the production of port wine under the strict surveillance of the Portuguese authority—having rested for six months in the Quintas where it was made, is despatched by rail to the shippers' lodges in Vila Nova de Gaia. There it is tasted, selected and grouped or—in the technical term—lotted. The wine matures in row on row of oak casks or in huge vats. One of these, in the lodge of Warre & Co. Ltd., holds just short of 30,000 gallons. In plain drinking terms that equals 180,000 bottles or some 2,500,000 glasses.

Time was when this great bulk of wine came down the Douro itself in the *barcos rabello*, flat-bottomed, single-sailed barges steered among the treacherous shoals and outcrops of rock by a great sweep oar. The journey downstream could be accomplished in three days, the return trip often took three weeks.

A single line railway now serves the Alto Douro and I travelled up to Pinhao to visit the Quinta do Bonfim, Douro headquarters of Warre & Co. and the controlling Symington family, on the first trip of a new Fiat railcar. From Pinhao a fleet of taxis, impressed from all parts of the Douro, took us a serpentine route to the heights above the river; to a booming wind and a scent of rosemary. High-tension wires snaked away to the Spanish border and around us lay the fruits of toil, the geometrically precise terraces that hold the thin soil and its vines against the prevailing wind and the steepness of the mountain-

side. Many of the painfully wrought terraces were abandoned and had been so for above a hundred years following the phylloxera scourge of the mid-century.

After lunch, taken in the open on the bluff of Valenca do Douro overlooking a broad sweep of the river, and my own introduction to Warre's Nobility Dry White, we inspected the *lagares*—the shallow stone troughs in which the grapes are trodden—at Quinta do Bom Retiro whose production is "made" each year by the Symington family. Though most of the grape is still trodden in the familiar manner, Warre & Co. are currently installing at Bonfim *cubas de fermentacao* in which fermentation is controlled mechanically. The production of port wine involves the arresting of fermentation at any required degree of sugar by the addition of brandy. This new method of mechanical fermentation is likely in the end to supersede the traditional altogether.

The house of Warre was founded in 1617 during the reign of Charles II and his Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza. It is the oldest British port house and the largest independent and privately owned port shipping business in Oporto today. The first Symington, James of that ilk, a Scot from Paisley, settled in Oporto some 200 years ago. His descendants—32 in the city alone—now own the Warre empire.

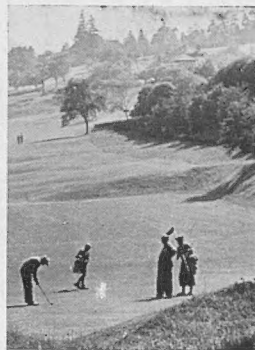
The progress and traditions of the British community find their best expression in Oporto's Factory House, the 18th-century palace that is the home of the British Association of Oporto. It was there, among the crystal chandeliers, the family pictures and the furniture wrought by Chippendale, that Mr. Maurice Symington, the senior partner of Warre & Co., received his Silver Fox statuette from Mr. H. D. Stephens-Clarkson, chairman of Percy Fox & Co., the wine merchants of London. The occasion was a regal dinner celebrating the Fourth International Meeting of Percy Fox. In past years the itinerary has included visits to the Lanson champagne firm in Rheims, the châteaux of Ets D. Cordier in Bordeaux, to Denis Mounié in Cognac and to Langenbach & Co. in Worms. The Silver Fox is given each year by the principals of Percy Fox to the member who acts as host at the wine gathering.

But if the associations and elegance of the Factory House may seem to emphasize the grander side of the port trade, the balance is redressed by the charm and basic simplicity of a specially ordered system of existence that affects both the owners of the great wine shipping concerns and the people who work in their vineyards and lodges. The Douro is a happy place with an easy rhythm of life reflected in the songs and dances of the region with their curious Moorish undertones. A village party that had followed us down the Douro back to Oporto were singing and dancing still to the vintage tunes on the airport tarmac as we took off for London.

JOHN SALT



CASINO



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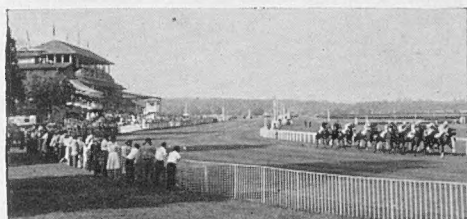
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